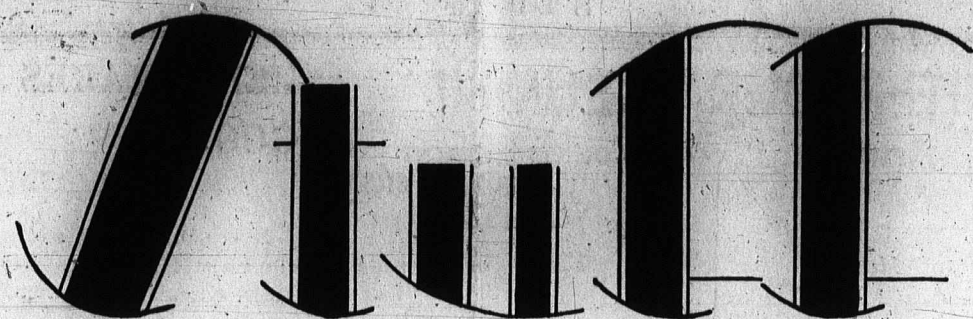




# ST. JOSEPH'S WELCOMES HOME-COMING ALUMNI

## Monsignor Verheijen Welcomes Visitor

LEARNED PSYCHIATRIST LECTURES

Forsaking the highroad of travel and study, scholarly Rt. Rev. Msgr. Charles Verheijen, of Holland and South America, is honoring the college with an extended visit. The distinguished monsignor came to the United States under the patronage of the Austrian University (Graz) in pursuit of his studies in medicine and psychiatry throughout the country.

As a youth, through prolonged visits in foreign countries with his father, a Dutch Consul, young Charles acquired, already in his boyhood, a knowledge of French, German and English.

Following his ordination to the priesthood in Holland, Msgr. Verheijen was accepted by a bishop in the state of Bahia, Brazil, in which diocese he proceeded to take up his work. While in South America he not only mastered a fifth language, Portuguese, but his labors were rewarded with a series of promotions, ceasing only at the end of fifteen years when he became stricken by the dread yellow fever. Therefore, six years ago, having been granted an indefinite leave of absence, he returned again to Europe. The chancellor of Austria, recognizing his knowledge of psychiatry, appointed our honored guest to the directorship of a state sanatorium for mental patients.

(Continued on page 3)

## CATHOLIC POETRY SOCIETY ORGANIZED

Another need has been filled. Another ambition of poetry lovers on the campus has been realized. Under the capable direction of Dr. Paul F. Speckhaug the Catholic Poetry Society of St. Joseph's College has been formed and is being affiliated with the national organization, the Catholic Poetry Society of America. Two meetings have been held. To the first volunteers were called from the sophomore, junior, and senior classes. Their enthusiastic response was decisive; Father Paul called a second meeting Oct. 25. On that evening a constitution was adopted and officers for the year elected.

The society has four chief objectives, namely: to encourage a greater appreciation of poetry written in the Catholic spirit; to stimulate creative endeavors among its members; to provide a forum for the discussion of poetic theories and tendencies; and to offer mutual advice and encouragement.

Being a charter member is a distinction. Being a character officer, an added distinction. This latter Theodore Staudt possesses as first President of the Catholic Poetry Society. So do John Bannan, Vice-President; Edmund Ryan, Secretary; and Norbert Sweeterman, Treasurer. Mr. Ryan will have, besides the usual duties of his office, that of informing the national organization of our activities monthly.

Members in the society will be enlisted from among the upper-classmen, freshmen being accepted only by invitation based on merit.

As a national organization the Catholic Poetry Society of America has its headquarters in New York City. Very active affiliated units exist in Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Denver, and in several Catholic colleges throughout the country.

## STUDENTS SEND TEAM SOUTH

Some Saunter After

The band, the glee club, the entire body of students serenaded the St. Joe Cardinals at one o'clock, Friday, Oct. 22, as the bus loaded with the varsity prepared to leave for Louisville. It was a spectacular send-off.

Saturday morning, promptly at nine, another bus filled with students followed, leisurely rolling along its way past spacious Purdue University, the State Capitol, and down through picturesque southern Indiana.

More sight seeing followed in Louisville before the game. And after the game the alumni saw the students back to their hotel. So the students say!

Some students spent Sunday evening in Rensselaer after their sojourn.

## FATHER OF GEORGE CROSS DIES

His father seriously injured as a result of an auto-train accident the day previous near Wabash, Indiana, George Cross, President of the Freshman class, was called to the Wabash hospital Friday morning, October 22. At mid-afternoon of the same day, Mr. Cross peacefully answered the Divine Call and passed on to his Eternal reward. Every member of the family was present at his bedside, including his son, Leonard, who this year is completing his studies for the priesthood at Catholic University in Washington.

The accident occurred while Mr. Cross was driving over a detour near Wabash. Heavy rain was falling, limiting his vision to a great extent.

Hearing the sad news, all college freshmen remained after evening Benediction and in a body recited the Rosary for the deceased father of their bereaved class leader. Following the Rosary, a meeting was held in Science Hall where it was decided that a Spiritual Bouquet of Masses, prayers and Holy Communions be formed by the students.

## ST. JOE FROSH ALSO RATE

In glancing through some college newspapers which are exchanged for STUFF, we ran across an article in the Saint Mary "Taper" which bears an interesting parallel to an occurrence here at St. Joseph's. (The "Taper" is edited by the students of St. Mary's College, an educational institution for girls in Leavenworth, Kansas).

There, in the English placement test taken by eighty freshmen, the article states, twenty-one, or 26%, merited a grade which entitles them to pursue a course in advanced composition instead of the regular Freshman Composition.

As a result of the Purdue University placement examination given to eighty-three freshmen at St. Joseph's thirty, or 36%, made the test equally satisfactorily. Moreover, although only twenty-four of the college freshmen who took this examination were high school seniors at St. Joseph's last year, fifteen of these were among the thirty who passed it with honors, and only two of these twenty-four fell in the lower quartile.

Because of the widespread belief that women are, according to average, far better students than men, and because we do not intend to hide the lights of our own freshmen, we are prompted to make this special note.

At any rate, congratulations to St. Mary's College.

## SENIORS ELECT OFFICERS

Robert Kaple, class president for the year 1936-37, called the seniors together in the Raleigh Club Rooms Wednesday evening, Oct. 6, and as chairman pro tem presided over the election of officers. Richard Scharf received the honor of acting as president during his senior year. John McCarthy was chosen for secretary-treasurer.

The seniors also selected Mr. Scharf and Fred Teitz to represent the class of '38 on the student council.

## THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

Four o'clock Sunday afternoon. Almost the entire freshman class has gathered in the grove on the north campus. Garbed in old clothes, and ready for anything, they waited expectantly for the sophomores to return from their annual picnic. About 4:30 they sighted the sophs. A hush fell over the freshmen.

Outnumbered almost two to one, the sophomores marched up to the flagpole and hoisted their flag, emblazoned with a big '40. Across the battle field came the freshmen, some hurrying, some walking slowly. At a distance of about ten yards they halted, waiting for the challenge which was sure to come. It was then that the fun began. As if pushed by a mighty hand, the freshmen moved forward, a solid wall. Around the flagpole clustered the valiant sophomores, presenting an unbroken front. At a signal from their leader, rotten tomatoes came from around the pole, each nicely seasoned with a dab of mustard. This forced the freshmen into a momentary retreat, but when the supply of tomatoes was exhausted, they moved forward as one and enveloped the sophomores. All that could be seen was a rolling, struggling mass of humanity, with a little band of sophomores left about the flag. Several times the fight was slowed down for a few minutes by a trip to the lake, where unfortunate sophomores were forced to take an unwelcome bath. Although they fought nobly, the doughty sophomores were no match for the mighty power of the freshmen. Down came their flag. Up went the '41 of the Freshman Class. Realizing the futility of further combat, the sophomores bowed to the inevitable. After giving a cheer for their conquerors, who returned it lustily, they left the battleground in sad but dignified defeat.

This was the first time in the history of the school that the traditional battle has been won by the freshmen. In fact, in the past, there have really been no large battles such as this. Luckily, no grave injuries were sustained by the gladiators on either side.

After making sure that no new charge would be made, the tomato-and-mustard spattered freshmen left the field amid cheers from the enthusiastic spectators.

## PHOTO SHOP OPENS

Down in the tortuous maze of corridors that lead through the Science Hall basement, an embryonic enterprise will soon be a recognized institution among that portion of students who delight in photography.

Fathers Gordon and Hehn, both enthusiastic amateurs, will act as the guiding geni of the darkroom next to Brother David's estimable tontorial lounge. Their products will be exhibited in the Raleigh Club, where pictures and all photographic supplies will be on sale at a reasonable price.

WELCOME OAKLAND CITY



The Rev. Gilbert F. Esser, C.P.S., Army Chaplain

## CHAPLAIN ESSER VISITS CULVER

Chaplain Gilbert F. Esser joined the officers of northern Indiana in a week-end camp held at Culver Military Academy recently. The exercises included practical firing and terrain tactics as well as lectures and parade review.

The Chaplain is more familiarly known to us as Father Esser, teacher of Latin and Greek, manager of the book store, amateur printer, collector of old coins, and the like. Among his many hobbies he also holds an officer's commission in the U. S. army. He is assigned to the 37th regiment of Field Artillery, with headquarters in South Bend, Indiana. His rank is that of first lieutenant, though Chaplains are not properly addressed by rank but simply as Chaplain, regardless of rank.

The United States army has three components, the standing army (Regulars), the National Guard (also known as the state militia), and the Organized Reserves. The Regular Army is constantly kept under drill, ready for any national emergency. The National Guards are state troops in time of peace, which may be called to national defense in case of war; meanwhile, however, being subject to call with-in their state. The Reserves consist theoretically of officers and men who prepare themselves for war by study and occasional active duty. In practice, however, there are only officers in the Reserves, distributed among the various arms and services, such as: infantry, cavalry, artillery, medical corps, aviation corps, signal corps, chaplains' corps, etc. It is in the latter named that Father Esser holds his commission. Appointments in the Reserves are for a duration of five years.

Credit hours are extended to Reserve and National Guard officers for lessons completed in Army Extension courses, for time spent in occasional active duty, and for various other study activities. Among the latter are contact camps, in which officers become acquainted with each other in order that they may cooperate more efficiently in case of war, and aid each other in solving problems involving military knowledge generally.

Father Esser states that whereas 200 hours are required for reappointment in the same grade after five years, he has already accumulated nearly 300 hours. In two more years he expects promotion to the grade of Captain. Beyond that, the grades open to chaplains are those of major and lieutenant colonel.

In his work with the men in the CCC camp at Medaryville, Father Esser is gaining further valuable experience with army officers and men. It was while engaged in this work that he resolved to apply for a commission in the army.

## Last Preparations Made For Reception

### Oakland City Eleven To Play Cardinals

With the time for the keenly anticipated home-coming game now only a few hours distant the campus is buzzing with excitement. The team, returning from its final practice, gathers in the Monogram Club. There is a look of determination on the faces of those courageous warriors who have fought for the Cardinal and Purple so gallantly this fall. Now they are more determined than ever; tomorrow they are to win for St. Joe before a throng of alumni who will gather from far and near.

Out on the campus a mountain of wood—great tree limbs, stumps, boxes, brush—is piled, to be lit after the game as darkness falls. Early in the morning the freshmen will decorate the grounds, scattering welcome at every point of vantage. They do not mind the effort entailed. They have already caught the spirit of St. Joe; they are its sons as truly as are those loyal men who will stream in toward noon from the four directions.

Not the least is the college band concerned about its part. Those regular practice periods twice weekly have been augmented by volunteer practice hours. The members are ready, prepared to stimulate the crowd to heights of enthusiasm. They will march down the field, with trumpet and drum shouting "Fight! Fight! for old St. Joe!" After their display the Cardinal stalwarts cannot but win.

Skipping off the campus we watch and listen. Here an alumnus is driving his car onto a lot: "Have it greased by eleven o'clock." Swiftly he walks a block to his office. There another is approaching the president of the company: "How about getting off at 10:30 so that I can drive down to my Alma Mater for the home-coming game this afternoon?" A third has called his pal of college days and arranged that the two and their wives make the trip together.

Oakland City is playing the Cardinals.

## LOUISVILLE ALUMNI HOSTS TO TEAM

Their long list of hospitable services began when the Louisville alumni in decorated cars met the bus carrying the St. Joe Cardinals at the Ohio River bridge and escorted them to their hotel. There they assisted the boys with registering and helped them with their baggage to their rooms. There at least one of them remained from Friday evening until Sunday noon when the bus roared out on its long trip back to St. Joseph's. The wants of the players were anticipated; make them comfortable was the first slogan of the alumni.

Entertain them was the second rule of hospitality. As soon as the boys had refreshed themselves and relaxed from the trip, cars were waiting to take them on sight-seeing tours of the city. And who does not know the delight and value of traveling through the historic derby city?

For weeks those southern gentlemen had anticipated the game between St. Joe and Louisville University. Help them win was their third principle. Through the press they had given the game strong publicity which drew a record attendance. They were at the game, rooting and encouraging. After the game they lingered, proud of the boys in mud-spattered cardinal, proud that they too were St. Joe men, dauntless even in defeat.

In a short time the alumni of Louisville will hold an organization meeting at the home of Mr. Cletus Martin. They are planning a well-diversified schedule of programs and entertainments for the coming season. The College Athletic Association wishes them genuine success as it expresses its true appreciation for their very gracious hospitality.

## JUNIOR BAND PROGRESSES

Great things are afoot in the music department. Young men who are talented musically are being instructed by several of the professors gratis on the various reed and wind instruments. Most of the beginners are from the high school. The purpose of their training is to fit them for the concert orchestra more rapidly. Twenty-five such students are now enrolled for these special lessons.

## Mission Enthusiasts Tour Rome

FATHER CHAPMAN GIVES ILLUSTRATED LECTURE

At the Dwenger Mission Unit's recent meeting the members and guests of the society were graciously treated to an interesting lecture by Father Michael Chapman, pastor of St. Mary's church, Lafayette, Indiana.

Father Chapman took his audience on a condensed tour of Rome, the Eternal City. His screen illustrations, many photographed by Father himself, added an air of reality to the entire trip. His pleasant, informal style, spiced with an unbounded supply of mirth-making wit, made an already interesting topic into an evening of delightful entertainment.

As Father Chapman has visited the city of Rome more than half a dozen times, he is well prepared to give plentiful and reliable information about that picturesque city. Incidentally, he is a convert to Catholicism, being formerly an Anglican clergyman.

This lecture was the first of a series of lectures to be given at the Mission Unit's meetings. These lectures are in accordance with a missionary expansion program decided upon by the Catholic Students Mission Crusade at their national convention during the past summer.

## FROSH ARE PREPARING FOR HOMECOMING

Barber Cuts Capers

Called together by Student Council leader, Richard Scharf, Monday evening, Oct. 25, the freshmen learned their duties relative to the home-coming game on the following Saturday.

They were to decorate the goal posts and entrance to the college with crepe paper. They were to procure wood for a huge fire to be lit after the game. They were to provide an abundance of free frankfurter sandwiches for alumni and students. Resplendent in their green caps, they were to execute various formations between halves during the game.

All simple assignments. But wait! a fire takes fuel, and not all fuel grows on trees. Some is dumped out the back door of mail-order houses and other places of business. In this day of horseless carriages freshmen who do not want to tote fuel by the mile and armful have the only alternative of pulling the wagon themselves.

Until some barber who wears his heart on one sleeve and laughs up the other one becomes overwhelming. Was he sinner or missionary? He got off the straight path that leads from town to college; he went through the highways and byways. A student perched on each side of the car guided the wagon. A rope pulled it. A modern gas wagon furnished the power. Until those two students, unable to keep up with the speed around curves, let go. The rope broke; the wagon zig-zagged crazily and a shaft gored a fender of a parked automobile. The sudden shock split the load like dynamite blasts a stump. Only the pieces flew down instead of up and so did several audacious freshmen who were thumbing a free ride atop the load.

What a bonfire!

WELCOME ALUMNII



## STUFF

Published semi-monthly during the school year by the students of St. Joseph's college and high school.

Subscription Price: \$1.00 a year.

Entered as second-class matter September 20, 1937, at the post office at Collegeville, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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## A SENIOR EXTENDS HIS HAND

What with the ceremony of freshmen probation at hand, the thoughts and feelings of a senior might be of interest to the new men on the campus. We, all as older men and students of more experience, offer our welcome. The greeting, hearty and kind, is fraught with meaning.

The wish of the senior is, perhaps first of all, that all the treasured things of the past might be handed down. Even the few years at college bring the graduating student a sense of things to be cherished and saved. Tradition; all that is noble, cultured and lofty. It touches things of the mind and things of society. There are, for example, the traditions fundamental to all academic achievements. Honesty; a search for the truth in a truly just fashion, will, we hope, continue to live upon our campus. Depth; a search that stops with nothing superficial, is something more always to be held close. Inquisitiveness; a search that knows no rest until all possibilities are attained, must always be encouraged. And the social traditions exist too. There is the spirit of freedom and comradeship which has always joined the students of our group. We should like to see all students preserve their interest in one another. But more than that—they should compete in friendly fashion for success in their work.

There is, however, something more in the attitude of the seniors than mere anxiety about tradition. We take pride in being men enough to see the advantage of the new. We look to the freshman for ideas, for new means of making contacts, for anything original which will help the school. We dare not pass as givers only; we must receive.

In brief, we seniors welcome the freshmen in a spirit of charity. This, we hope, is a charity which works intelligently. Ours to offer is a charity which approves and encourages, a charity which helps in times of need. A charity, too, which corrects. We give it to you, praying that thereby we may love God the more.

## C. Y. O.

Three years ago His Excellency, Bishop John Francis Noll, established the Catholic Youth Organization in the diocese of Ft. Wayne. In doing so he was heeding the command of the Holy Father to concentrate on aiding youth physically, mentally, and spiritually. On the third anniversary of its inception in this diocese the C. Y. O. had a birthday convention in the cathedral city. The aims and purposes of the group were enlarged and strengthened.

The C. Y. O. gives its members modern entertainment with a Christian background. Supervised recreation centers take care of that. It grounds them in the principles of Catholicism so that they will immediately recognize the fallacies in the teachings of facists and communists. Libraries and study clubs, provided at the various centers of activity, offer necessary refutations of error and positive explanations of truth. Its leaders increase their spirituality by fostering a love for prayer and the sacraments.

Thus are the principles of a church, established two thousand years ago, applied to the problems of modern civilization by the C. Y. O. Those principles are just as vital today as they were when the Roman Empire, submerged in lust and wallowing

in the blood of martyrs, was mistress of the world. Then divorce was an accepted social form which dispensed even with today's legal procedure. What the religion of Christ did then it must do today. As Father Westendorf pointed out at the C. Y. O. convention, since the time of Christ many inventions have revolutionized the world. But is there a new sin? There is not.

Catholic youth are banding together to combat the age-old errors. C. Y. O.—Catholic Youth Organization, or Christ Your Officer. The emblem of the society has three crosses to represent the three Divine Persons in one God. An enclosing circle professes unity, the unity of an army destined to win for Christ.

## "I WILL TAKE IT AS IT COMES"

"I will take it as it comes." These were the words of the wise old order as the new stepped in to replace it; the words with which Brother Victor and his "Pony Express" yielded place to the new automobile on the old Collegeville mail route. "I would much rather use my horse and wagon," he replied, on being questioned as to his preference. "I'm more used to them. But if it must be this way, I will take it as it comes." And so "God fulfills Himself in many ways"—this time in the humble resignation of His faithful postman.

Brother Victor, now a near octogenarian (he will be eighty-two in January); has served God and his fellowmen for thirty-seven of those years, carrying mail to and fro between the Collegeville and Reisselaer postoffices. During that time he has outlasted seven different horses, outworn two wagons, a buggy, and a sleigh, and has at last boarded an automobile for the final lap. In a very unassuming manner the genial old brother told how he was never once late with the mail during all those years. Both postoffices kept an exact record of all his arrivals and departures, and these reports were sent to Washington periodically. He chuckled lightly to himself as he recalled how the Washington officials used to say that these reports were made up; that it was impossible to be so exact. "But," he added gravely, "that is what I always worked for—to be exactly on time."

Believe it or not, Brother Victor is a traveler of quite broad renown; with horse and buggy he has jogged more than twice around the world. At any rate that is the answer I arrived at by multiplying 365 days a year by thirty-seven years and again multiplying this amount by two round-trips daily of more than two miles each. And then when extra trips are added such as the numerous ones that occurred before there was a regular licensed coachman to meet the incoming and outgoing trains, the distance he has traveled may well be computed at three trips around the world.

## PICTURES

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## WITH OUR ALUMNI

## CALUMET ALUMNI MEET

Calumet Alumni Meet  
When Mr. A. "Mac" McCoy, President of the Calumet Chapter of St. Joseph's College Alumni Association, sent out invitations to a Corn Beef and Cabbage supper at the Lake hotel, Gary, Indiana, and inserted the statement, "We expect to have an enjoyable time," even he didn't anticipate how good a time the boys who gathered would have.

7:30 P. M., Oct. 21, approached. Twenty-seven members of the chapter and guests assembled at the table, among the latter, three of the professors at St. Joseph's and five of the Cook county faithfuls. If Jack Jones, who selected the menu, followed his own taste or not, his choice received unanimous approval.

The principal point of the short business meeting which followed was a discussion of the holiday banquet that the chapter annually gives the students while they are at home during the Christmas recess.

It was all very informal, even to the speeches. Father Knue, President of the college, briefly summarized some of the major improvements at the college since June and commented on the very promising outlook; Mr. Lear, of Park Ridge, Ill., put a former baseball game with St. Viator's on ice; Father Ley announced the campus newspaper and presented a copy to each one present. He happily discovered at the end of the meeting that all but seven of the group were future subscribers.

Best of the after-dinner speeches was that of Father Mungovan. With that Holmes-like faculty of seasoning sense with nonsense he reminisced on the days at the college between '91 and '97, when students did their spring cleaning in the Iroquois and football was in its diaper stage. Taking progress as his theme and football as an example, he contrasted the first game of inter-collegiate football played by St. Joe in homemade baseball suits with the game as it is played today, when a small college team is equal to those of the large institutions in every respect but the number of reserves. The thought that struck home most deeply in Father Mungovan's address was his statement of the policy of St. Joseph's to recognize its students as being intensely human and to treat them while students and afterward as alumni as intensely human. Deeply sincere was his concluding appeal to the alumni to get behind the college and boost.

Before the party adjourned Father Gordon took a flashlight picture. Unfortunately the picture did not record, as this brief narrative cannot either, the real spirit of the Calumet Chapter.

## WITH OUR ALUMNI

"They called me 'Cactus Pete,'" writes Mr. Clarence F. Wallace, '09, of Ft. Worth, Texas when a student, now of Benton Harbor, Michigan. He is homesick. He wants to drive over some time to see a greater St. Joe and greet "the old familiar faces." Now, if we had only known at the time, he might have dropped in at the Lake Hotel in Gary, where the Calumet chapter of alumni gathered there recently. But there will be another meeting, another home coming, and "Cactus Pete" you are welcome!

"The only thing lacking in the newspaper STUFF is the 'Hiram' letters—perhaps you could prevail upon Rev. Jim Hoban to contribute a few." Thanks for the suggestion, Father Byrne. We'll try. Don't you think too that a sample copy mailed to him will be the best inducement?

"Here at the headwaters of the Chesapeake the Mission School of the Sanguinists was inaugurated, Oct. 8, with a Missa Cantata in honor of the Holy Spirit. Father Druffel gave the first lecture in his course on voice. Father Sponar gave another on "Conferences at a Mission" to Fathers Herber, Baird, Reitz and me. It was very interesting and helpful. We have an R. C. A. Victor recording apparatus for the work in voice training." Signed, Carl Longanbach, C. P. S.

That's news!

## COOK COUNTY ALUMNI ELECT OFFICERS

Reciprocating the hospitality shown them by the Calumet Chapter a few days earlier, the Cook County Alumni invited members of the neighboring organization to attend their meeting held at the Harding Hotel, Tuesday evening, Oct. 26. Four of the boys from across the border came and entered enthusiastically into the proceedings.

All the guests and members who could get down town on time gathered at seven P. M. in the Presidential Grill of the hotel for a la carte dinner. At eight o'clock the meeting proper opened in Parlor A. Unfinished business having been transacted, President John Kallal called on Father Niekamp, chairman of the nominating committee, to present the names of candidates suggested for the coming year. His roster meeting the approval of the assembly in spite of certain uncomplimentary revelations from the yellow records in his sleeve, Bernard Lear was chosen for President, Dr. Walter Barth for Vice-President, and Sylvester Moebis for Secretary-Treasurer. The vote was unanimous.

What can we as alumni do for St. Joe? This question, in the minds of all, was introduced by President Lear. Keeping all discussion germane, the experienced Park Ridge lawyer-president led toward the resolution to establish a scholarship. It carried. Although no definite time was determined when this scholarship will be available, and although the manner of providing the sum of money required was left open, Henry Krieter's boxing-bout suggestion carried the most weight for the latter. Can a group of boxers be trained at St. Joe to meet a challenge of C. Y. O. boxers and the gate receipts be applied toward a scholarship?

Having instructed the secretary to inform all absent members of the proceedings, and having reminded those present of the homecoming game and of the game at Elmhurst on Nov. 13, President Lear entertained the motion to adjourn. The next meeting, called for the last Tuesday in January, will be held in the Sieben parlors.

It seems as though we have created an erroneous impression concerning the whereabouts of Daniel Pyle. Begging his pardon we wish to state that he is now studying at St. Meinrad's Seminary, and not at the Jesuit Novitiate in Cincinnati as was previously stated. Dan, who was with us last year, is noted for his skill at "tickling the ivories."

William Ott is at the Jesuit Novitiate in Cincinnati. We wonder whether he plays his trumpet as often there as he did here.

At Purdue University we find Henry Kenney, who left St. Joseph's last June. Some students who heard of his marvelous theory on perpetual motion as enunciated in a class in public speaking, are still inquiring whether he has succeeded in substantiating it. Does a cart roll uphill at Purdue, Henry? Remembering his interest in physics and chemistry, we feel sure that he will go far in these fields.

## NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR STUFF

In recent weeks you have received one or more copies of our newspaper. Have you enjoyed reading it? Has it improved from issue to issue? Do you mark that this third issue is bigger, and we hope, also somewhat better? Very well, there is an application blank below for your convenience. Simply fill it out, enclose \$1.00, and mail your order today. You will receive STUFF for one year.

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## ZEKE MAKES GOOD

North Haven was a city of seven churches, four grade schools, two high schools, five theatres, two hospitals and four hotels. For a young man like Zeke, who wanted to get married a year later (for it was June today), the city held ample opportunities.

Ezekiel Stanton, the mainspring of this narrative, was born a colored boy. However, after eighteen years of just living, he was too big and husky to be around home idle. It was on a Tuesday when his pappy said to him,

"Zeke, mah boy, yo' is too big to be doin' nothin. Yo' mus' get a job an' make sompin' outa youself."

"Well, what kin ah do? Ah ain't tried nothin', an' ah don't know what kind o' work ah wants most."

"Yo' might be a choffer. Dat's what ah bin all mah life."

"Ah guess ah might as well try, Pappy."

The next Monday found Zeke admiring the showiness of a natty chauffeur's uniform. From then on for three months he worked steadily and satisfactorily at his job. He had quickly learned to handle the limousine well; at the same time he acquired the habit of navigating crowded streets and highways safely. He always gave way to avoid accidents, even though it added some inconvenience. More than once those longed-for forty winks of a morning had to be sacrificed in order to be ready on time and alert to his duty in his newly-found responsibility. In these ways he satisfied his mistress fairly well. On the other hand, she constantly irritated him by her untimely advice and orders. Once while he was driving on a thru-street she kept singing out: "Stop for this cross-street, Zeke. . . . Good heavens! You will wreck this car!" Zeke was human, and what man likes advice from a back-seat driver? Not only that, but his mistress allowed her visitors to impose menial tasks on him. After acting as butler to some guests, he was called by one—

"Hey, servant, black these shoes of mine." Then, aside to his wife, "They are rather too dusty."

"Zeke flushed and hesitated, but the mistress chirped sweetly, "Ah, Zeke will be glad to shine them. He is just naturally a bit slow."

Then one day this mistress impressed him, a chauffeur, into kitchen work.

"Do help Dina with the dishes, Zeke. My company has arrived early and the lunch dishes are still dirty. We must serve them tea."

This was the last straw. Zeke's self-respect was wounded too deeply. Next day he sold his chauffeur's uniform to buy a cook's. He acted thus on the suggestion of his mother, who had practiced the culinary art for life.

His hours roused him earlier of a morning now, and yet Zeke liked the freshness of his walk to work in the Pemberton Cafe at four-thirty. He put his heart to the task, earnestly endeavoring to learn his new trade. In this attitude of zealous application he felt he would really like being a cook. His pay was sufficient to cover his needs, though there wasn't much chance for a raise of any size. Moreover, his was a congenial nature that gave and received friendship readily and warmly. At the cafe his advances were met half way, and as a result, Zeke fitted happily into this new life.

Still, as the products of his art proved, Zeke hadn't been born to cook his way through life. All along he had been easily satisfied, and had been used to plain food. Therefore he found it difficult to catch on to the dainty dishes. His steaks were often too rare or too crisp. Complaints from fashionable patrons were lodged against him several times during the course of a month.

One man in particular, a wealthy physician, wouldn't be satisfied with any of Zeke's cooking. Especially not after Zeke, innocent victim of a practical joker, had put salt instead of sugar into his apple pies. After the M. D. had bit into a rather large piece for so refined a gentleman, he hurled the pie to the floor and epithets at the cook. The manager heard of this, of course, and immediately his patience with Zeke came to an end. Zeke packed away his mushroom cap just six

months after his entry into the Pemberton Cafe. He went out the door with his portion of the week's wages, but with no promise of more. It was March now. Three months away was wedding day.

As Zeke walked slowly homeward, wondering what lay in the future, he was brought back to the present by a gentle tapping on his shoulder. There at his side was Mr. Bancroft, his father's employer, and an interested friend of the family.

"Dreaming, Zeke, or thinking?"

"Both, Massa Bangkroft, but ah is sure glad to see yuh."

"How is it you are on the street at this time? I thought you were working at Pemberton's."

"You done thought right, suh; ah wuz," replied Zeke, with a bit of grim humor, "but ah ain't cook no' moh'. They didn't lak mah cookin', so ah is out."

"That's too bad, Zeke. Have you any idea where you will work now?"

"No suh, ah can't tell jus' what ah'll do."

"Then, Zeke, perhaps I can make a suggestion. You recall the Shell Service Station at the corner of Hanna and Harlequin?"

Zeke nodded.

"That's fine. I dropped in there this morning and overheard the service man telling a friend that he was leaving town three days from tomorrow for good. There is a chance. If you would like the job I'll speak to the Shell agent and persuade him to hire you if I can."

"Yessuh, yessuh, dat's one great idea! You see, when ah waz a little shaver, ah used to dream 'bout bein' a fillin' station man. Ah'll do it, suh, if you'll be so good as to help me out."

Five days later there appeared above the station's door a gilt-edged sign—"Zeke's Service Station." Now he was in full possession. He was an employee of the Shell Company, to be exact, but at the same time, his own master. His time was his own to use as he best saw led to his success. Zeke felt truly satisfied. The work didn't tax his energy too severely, as Zeke himself once remarked to his mammy when he came home for supper.

"Bout ev'ry day ah have some time when ah kin jus' lean back in mah chair 'n watch all the swell automobiles zip past—ah likes it better when dey stop though! Oh, ah likes it, fo' sure! Ain't no two ways 'bout dat!"

Just the same, Zeke didn't loaf on the job. He knew that if he wanted to keep this means of livelihood he had to make the profits that the company required of him. To do this he had to be alert all the time to please his customers who brought in the profits. He honestly wanted to please others. With his prompt and cheerful service to all (accompanying every "Yessuh" with a flash of milk-white ivories and a glitter of eye whites) he brought to his station a greater patronage than it had ever seen before. Too, the children of the neighborhood preferred to buy their candy from Zeke, simply because he wop, with his gentle ways, their complete confidence. Moreover, they knew he would repair their broken toys whenever they brought these to him. Yes, his candy always tasted fresher, cleaner, better than any other's.

With an inherent sense of humor Zeke rigged up comical signs and advertisements that drew the customers invariably. From his work as chauffeur he had acquired a gentlemanly politeness toward his patrons and superiors; from his cooking job he had developed a true friendliness and joviality with his fellows. All these qualities now stood him in good stead, making his business a really profitable one. It followed that the company after a month's trial gave him an extended contract to sign. The letter which accompanied it read: "You have already built up a wonderful business. Therefore the Shell Company feels justified in signing you for five years."

Zeke stepped out of the office and felt like soaring up into the blue, like flying high and far. "Ah is settled at last," he mused. "Now Susan and me can git married fo' sure. Just three weeks mo' to wait! An' we can move into dat house two doh's away from mah station."

—Raymond Knight

## VINCENT

Dimly the light was flickering through the ivy leaves which draped the single window of the little room, a room finished only in rough plaster and having no more than the very essentials of furnishings—a bed, a table, and a chair, and above the bed, a crucifix of wood. Yet upon it all came this fading ray of sunlight to reveal the face of a young man, sitting in a meditative posture, his head between his hands.

Vincent stirred and sighed. A hopeless, almost despairing look betrayed his feelings. What were their cause? He did not know, could not discover. He yearned for something he knew not what, something he was constantly trying to define and grasp. Before him lay a book of science. Would he find his object in the pursuit of this study?

He arose and stepped to the window to watch the day pass away. He knew that that would mean another night of yearning. Suddenly, during those softened moments of dreaming, his mind took a new turn: nature beckoned him, and he resolved to follow promptly.

In the morning he hastily threw the instruments of his recent scientific study into a chest where already lay abandoned volumes into which he had formerly pried in an effort to find the joy which somehow always remained without reach of his grasp. Soon he was ready to leave this humble, temporary abode. He would go out, far away from civilization, and build another dwelling in an uninhabited forest. There he would open nature's book, contenting himself on what he could hunt and raise in a small plot of ground he expected to cultivate.

As a child Vincent had observed a few of nature's charms. Seeing now small wild flowers growing by the trees, there flooded into his mind a strange feeling of happiness. Was it the association of ideas that brought this about? Truly, as a child he had known real contentment. How good to be that child again.

Vincent strolled into a clearing, and sitting heavily on a fallen tree, tried to plan a new start for himself. As a boy he had learned to know the ginseng plant, and as a man, had read of its value in the far East. Surely this vast woodland around him would yield enough plants to give him a start. As he began to prepare a shelter for himself he saw ahead the many, long hours of hard labor. This ginseng would be difficult to cultivate, but as a worker of the soil he felt that he would find satisfaction.

To a crafty woodsman the food problem was easy in this forest. That left most of his time for the more important work of finding the coveted plants and setting them out in the clearing. He made a hasty trip to the distant town for the necessary tools, and returning, starting zealously to work.

Soon the clearing he had stumbled onto that first day was transformed. In the virgin soil the wild ginseng which grew in the woods in satisfying quantities had been set. Only the smaller plants had he taken, leaving the larger ones to mature where nature had placed them.

Months passed, and still Vincent lived alone in this primitive home. The novelty of the situation soothed him for a time, but as this wore off his restlessness returned. To quiet himself he worked the harder with his herbs. To occupy more time he took to preparing the hides of animals. Occasionally he read passages of a single volume of poems which he had brought along.

One, two years of this monotonous existence passed. The beds of ginseng demanded less and less attention. Only waiting, much patient waiting. Finally some of the plants were large enough. Vincent dug these and dried them. Then he took them to market.

A feeling stranger than strange haunted him that day. A hunted feeling. Sooner than he could have expected he struck a bargain. He was free from his burden; the price was good; the money was in his hand.

After such a long time away from civilization the little town was attractive that morning. Vincent

(Continued on page 4)



## Cardinals Spoil Engineers Home Coming

Scharf Stars In 13 to 7 Victory  
Led by Dick Scharf St. Joe ran roughshod over Rose Poly in a game much more one-sided than the score indicates. It was Scharf's passes and off-tackle slashes aided by the steady plunging of Badke and Duax that enabled the Cards to gain 331 yards, a new high in offensive power.

Early in the first quarter St. Joe showed their power. Taking the ball on their own 20-yard line, when Stanfield's attempted field goal fell short, the Cards scored in six plays. Scharf raced off tackle 37 yards to Rose Poly's 43 yard line. Badke took a couple of cracks at the Engineers' forward wall, and the ball was up to the 30 yard line. Again it was Scharf, this time for 20 yards, and the goal was only 10 yards away. Drawing the secondary in with a line play, Scharf then whipped a short pass to Michalewicz for the touchdown. Dreiling's try for the point was wide.

However, the Engineers came right back with a score of their own. Taking the ball to the 50 yard line, the Esquires of the gridiron pulled a deep one from their bag of tricks. On a triple reverse, Stanfield faked, handing the ball to everybody but the referee, and while the St. Joe boys were busy tackling the decoys, the Rose Poly quarterback calmly loped along the sidelines to the distant goal. Elder's kick split the uprights; Rose Poly led 7 to 6.

A 15 yard penalty helped keep St. Joe from scoring again in the first half, and the teams went to the dressing room with the Engineers still in the lead.

It was during the second half that the Cardinals really turned on the heat. However, as easy as it was for them to gain, they found it difficult to score. The first Cardinal opportunity went glimmering when the referee handed St. Joe its second 15 yard penalty of the game. Not the least bit worried at this bad break the Cardinal blockers shook Badke loose on a lateral play good for 34 yards and a touchdown. Again lady luck showed

up in Rose Poly's favor, as the referee called it a forward lateral and gave the Engineers the ball on downs.

Failing to gain, Rose Poly kicked, and the Cardinal machine went into action again. Thuerk grabbed a pass from Scharf and carried it to the Rose Poly 33 yard line. Petit and Duax each took a crack at the line, moving the ball to the 26 yard line.

This time the Cards were not to be deprived. Scharf faded back, whipped a pass down the middle to Bill Curosh, who romped over with the winning marker. Captain Dreiling's kick went soaring over the crossbar, and the Cards led 13-7.

Toward the end of the game Rose Poly found the St. Joe line getting stronger with every play. Time after time the Cards broke through to drop the Engineers back for losses. Each time they regained possession of the ball they immediately started driving for another score. However, the timer's gun came to the aid of Rose Poly and stopped the Cards just 10 yards shy of the goal.

**Saint Joseph** Rose Poly  
Thuerk ..... L. E. Elder  
Jones ..... L. T. Eckerman  
Simms ..... L. G. Montgomery  
Cody ..... C. Fuller  
Dreiling ..... R. G. Mitchell  
Rateman ..... R. T. Smilanic  
Michalewicz ..... R. E. Menefee  
Gillig ..... Q. B. Zinngrabe  
Scharf ..... L. H. B. Harper  
Yocis ..... R. H. B. Brittenbach  
Badke ..... F. B. Stanfield

**Score By Periods**  
Saint Joseph.....6 0 7 0-13  
Rose Poly.....7 0 0 0-7

**Scoring:** Touchdowns—St. Joe, Michalewicz, Curosh; Rose Poly, Stanfield.

**Conversions:** St. Joe, Dreiling; Rose Poly, Elder.

**Statistics**  

| Saint Joseph             | Rose Poly |
|--------------------------|-----------|
| 15 First Downs           | 6         |
| 225 yards gained rushing | 134       |
| 106 yards gained passing | 9         |
| 18 passes attempted      | 7         |
| 7 passes completed       | 1         |
| 2 passes intercepted     | 2         |
| 3 fumbles                | 3         |

## SPORT SHORTS

The Cards spoiled Rose Poly's homecoming 13 to 7 this year. Two years ago they did it 24 to 6. Next year Rose Poly will probably celebrate homecoming on an open date.

Badke did an impressive job of ripping apart the U. or L. forward wall last Saturday night. Maybe the new nose guard he was sporting helped pry open the holes.

In both games that the Cards have lost this year they have been on top in the matter of first downs. The statistics on the Manchester game show that the Cards while winning the game 6 to 0 lost in the race for first downs. So what? Well, I thought you all would like to know.

Sombody wants to know if Simms, Cody, Richardson, and Hayden have paid the newspapers yet. They think a lot of the local yokels in Louisville.

"Half Minute" Herber wants to know if Maxwell field is the last trace of the flood. What say you, Kentuckians?

"One Play" Blackwell says last summer he used to "Gin and Beer it;" now that he's out for football he has to "grin and bear it."

Wanted—someone to outping the invincible Brother John at table tennis—Coach DeCook is helping Mr. Heimas, R. N., dispose of the last shipment of liniment and bandages—Louisville has the highest representation on the football squad—seven members.

## BADMINTON COURT COMPLETED.

Turner Hall has been divided, one half now serving as a court for the game of Badminton. St. Joe boys are joining the rest of the nation, madly chasing the elusive bird-like ball back and forth.

This game should sound the death knell to any dreary winter afternoon. The court is available daily; the athletic association rents the rackets for a small sum. Any profit realized will provide renewed and additional equipment.

Plenty of space remains in the large room for the gym equipment—the bars, horse, trapeze, rings, and punching bag stand.

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Captain Norbert Dreiling.

A knee injury kept Captain Dreiling from playing in the first two games this fall. Every day, however, during practice, he was out on the field assisting the coaches. In the Rose Poly battle his tremendous kicks helped the Cardinals win. The following week he broke his nose on a flying tackle during scrimmage and again had to take the bench temporarily. "We will win all the remaining games on the schedule," is his enthusiastic comment.

Norb, whose home is in Victoria, Kansas, selected St. Joseph's eight years ago when he entered high school. Three older brothers had preceded him. Scholastically, he is a consistent honor student; athletically, he is a true sportsman. In baseball he takes the mound and has received three letters. His place as guard has merited him two letters in football.

After his graduation from the School of Commerce in June, Norb has a position waiting for him with Western Motors, Hoxie, Kansas.

## AS A ROOKIE SEES (OR TAKES) IT

A Post-mortem Of The Raleigh Club Initiation

"Rookie!"  
Immediately I bow low, rumple my hair, and mutter mysterious incantations. No, I am no member of a fanatical religious sect—I am only a Rookie. Perhaps I should not capitalize the word, for it stands for naught). Each night I am a member of a silent, somber, rookie squad; each day, an inferior being, one in the way of every upper classman. I stand trembling lest, not having done as a rookie should during the day, I may be a subject for the boarding committee. After a shoe-shining session I vow not to shine even my own shoes before Thanksgiving. Every now and then I ponder whether it is worth this chagrin to become a member of the Raleigh Smoking Club, but I am spurred on by the torture of being yellow livered.

Tonight is THE night. All day friendly seniors have whispered in my ear: "This is your night." I am blindfolded. I answer a trembling "h-e-r-e" when my name is called, and grope my way forward.

"Lousy rookie," roars the president; "give me No. 4 of the club rules."

Yesterday, this afternoon, a minute ago—yes. Now my knees beat a swift staccato. The initiated cry "Board!" The President bellows "BOARD!!" Giants swing the board. The back of my nap receives the . . . Next year I'll be a member!

## Chef D'Oeuvre

"Chef D'Oeuvre", the campus paper published in French by students who have studied this language for two years, plans for its first issue about November 15, editor William Kramer states. In the past the aspiring publication has been a mimeographed collection of short stories, essays, and articles on campus happenings, appearing quarterly.

## HIGH SCHOOL SOPHS DOWN FRESHMEN 19-0

Costly fumbles within their own 20-yard line were responsible for the freshmen's defeat. The sophomores capitalized on three of these by recovering and continuing on to a touchdown. If the freshman backfield had been less erratic it is doubtful whether the sophs would have scored as often as they did, because at no time during the game did the winners make a march down the field or show great offensive strength.

Despite the fact that they were outweighed, the freshman line put up a sturdy defense and gave little ground. But on an end run they seemed helpless before the beautiful interference led by Sam Zeno.

"Little Joe" Cunningham was undoubtedly the star of the freshman team and also of the game. He played a bang-up game both on defense and offense by his clever ball carrying and vicious tackling. No one sophomore can be picked for such consistent playing. However, the Kochis brothers and Meagher can't be passed without recognition.

## College Keyhole Column

Note to the dean of students: Jack Koechley wants to go home—has false excuse—in mind a permanent wave—last one almost gone—incidentally, Maurice has moved his beauty parlor to Cedar Point.

St. Joe's chief mustache grower, Kihm Burrell, visited Canton last summer for definite reasons—ice floated Kihm's way—you can't have everything.

Two seniors are worried—Kolumn is the cause—willing to submit dope on classmates—anything to get out of predicament—both play football.

Those sophisticated high school seniors—Hayden, Firestone, LaGrange, and Feeher (can you imagine it)—aren't setting their younger brethren any good example—they kneel on the study hall floor after 7:45 P. M.

This week's best: Lane McCrate's theory—"The floors are thin, and the cold radiates to the mattress, which being too thin, allows it to pass through to me." As a result he sleeps with his clothes on—"Well, anyway, it saves time in the morning."

Bill Kozielski and Tom Anderson are having a contest—who can have the best looking crop of dislocated eye lashes by the end of the month.

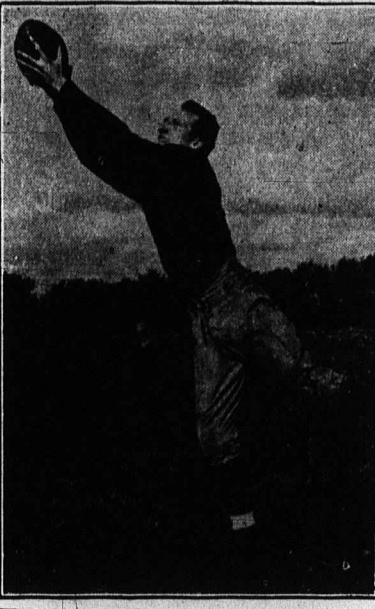
Frank Kosinski got off easy in the Raleigh Club initiation—what are the boys doing to him in the dorm—he's putting up a real fight.

It was plenty cold in Louisville—some of the fellows had on enough clothes at the game to make them look like an Eskimo—one shirt, two sweaters, one vest, one suit coat, two scarfs, one overcoat, and one hat—oh, yes—also a pair of ear muffs and a pair of gloves—and it wasn't McCrate, was it Gus?

As yet the house detective for Drexel Hall has not been appointed—so far it seems that Jake Moran is the most experienced applicant.

Professor Nemetz will have to divide his students of physical culture into five classes—due to the number of applicants and the amount of work involved, Prof. Nemetz will have two assistants, Profs. Gus Enz and "Tiny" Kennedy.

Flash! Who is the Casanova of the campus—what have you, Foley, that the rest of us have not.



Paul Weaver, Left End.

For three years St. Joe followers have seen Paul Weaver at his post at left end for the Cardinals. After playing a great game in the opener with Valpo, Weaver has been on the shelf with a knee injury. This was a sad blow to the Cards and also to Paul himself, for he was out for a berth on the "All Star" mythical team. Last year he received honorable mention rating. Weaver weighs 170 pounds and plays baseball as well as football. St. Joe will lose a great athlete this June when Paul graduates. He is majoring in Economics.

Sunday, Oct. 17: Three new members were initiated into the D. W. Club—Woody Moore, "Doughnuts" Bourdow, and Paul Hayden—Jerry Yocis is the only returning member—good luck, fellows, you'll need it.

Scoop! "Cigar Butts" Kolanski got a live one.

Louisville—Lochinvar thrown for a loss—fair damsel escapes ambitious swains by "going home to mother"—Cartwright spends quiet evening at hotel with Woo Latendress—better luck next year boys.

For Jim Thurin's information, the railroad fare to Evanston is about \$1.70—with that hair cut, Jim ought to travel half fare—maybe Ted Staudt should go with him—she has a friend.

## MONSIGNOR VERHEIJEN

(Continued from page 1)

While here he became affiliated with the Austrian university, which is now sponsoring his travels and studies in North America. Austrian Chancellor Schuchnigg, yielding to political pressure, transferred the directorate of the sanatorium from Msgr. Verheijen to a member of the Nazi party.

Thursday evening, October 21, Monsignor Verheijen gave a lecture on the value of an education. "Every young man and woman," the speaker declared, "should be made to breathe an intellectual and religious atmosphere before entering out upon the world."

At the end of his address he answered questions from the floor on topics as widely diversified as Italy's war on Ethiopia and Communism. Mussolini was decidedly unjustified in the invasion of Ethiopia," he opined; and "Communism and its evil principles will continue to spread wherever the laboring class is dissatisfied."

That Monsignor Verheijen is a foreigner in no way handicaps him in private conversation or public address. Rather, he speaks the King's English perfectly, and his deep, resonant voice is musical. Moreover, his kindly disposition and his broad experience in European countries, South America and the United States have made him an appreciated guest both with faculty and students.

## St. Joe Loses To U. of L. In Debut Under Lights

The Cardinals of St. Joseph's College and of the University of Louisville, skidded up and down in the mud of Maxwell Field for three quarters with neither team able to score. In the fourth quarter, however, the Kentuckians proved themselves the better mudders and eked out a 13 to 6 win.

If either of the teams held an advantage in the first half it was Louisville, due to the soaring spirals that Emerson was somehow kicking with the mud-covered ball.

In the closing minutes of the second quarter the Kentucky Red Birds flopped the mud off their wings and took to the air. One of "Lefty" Langan's passes to Turner was good for 27 yards, and first down on the St. Joe 15 yard line, but Louisville could not gain on the next four downs and the half ended.

The third quarter slid along with a scoreless tie seemingly inevitable, but this thought was quickly forgotten as the elusive Mr. Turner of Louisville went into action. With the ball on the St. Joe 46 yard line, Turner made runs of 6, 12, and 21 yards to bring it to the 4 yard line as the quarter ended.

Three plays found the U. of L. a foot shy of a touchdown. On fourth down Turner found a gap in the Saint's wall and went through. Schloemer's kick for the point was good, and Louisville led 7 to 0.

Three minutes later Captain Dawson grabbed Richardson's fumble and on their first play

Turner scored on a 7 yard run after catching Langan's 30 yard pass.

With the score 13 to 0 against them St. Joe started a determined march from their own 38 yard line. Badke ripped through the line for two first downs, and then aided by Scharf and Duax made another. With the ball on the Louisville 15 yard line Scharf slid off tackle, lateraled to Badke, who went over after shaking loose several tacklers. Jones' kick was wide. The score stood U. of L. 13—St. Joe 6.

Several plays after the kick off the gun sounded an end to the game, but not, we hope, the end of our athletic relations with the University of Louisville.

**Louisville** St. Joe  
Emerson ..... L. E. Thuerk  
Sherman ..... L. T. Jones  
Davidson ..... L. G. Simms  
McKay, P. .... C. Cody  
Schloemer ..... R. G. Tippman  
Dawson ..... R. T. Rateman  
Leahy ..... Q. Curosh  
Zimlich ..... R. E. Michalewicz  
Turner ..... L. H. Scharf  
Langan ..... R. H. Duax  
McKay, D. .... F. B. Badke

**Score By Periods** U. of L. 13 St. Joe 6

**Touchdowns:** Louisville, Turner (2); St. Joe, Badke. **Conversions:** Schloemer.

## Statistics

| Louisville               | St. Joe |
|--------------------------|---------|
| 6 First downs            | 11      |
| 14 Passes attempted      | 7       |
| 8 Passes completed       | 1       |
| 1 Passes intercepted     | 2       |
| 109 Yards gained rushing | 152     |
| 124 Yards gained passing | 10      |
| 233 Total yardage        | 162     |
| 35 Penalties             | 45      |

## SOPHOMORE CLASS HOLDS OUTING

A creaking springwagon harnessed to an old bay; fifty-five sophomores trekking behind—that was the picture as the frolicking second year men jogged under a clouded sky toward the abandoned gravel pit, the site of many previous encounters with wieners, marshmallows, and other succulent dainties.

Like real cave men these jaunty sophs built fires to roast and toast their delicacies. They feasted. They played games. Then came the rain, short-lived but dampening and foreboding.

Stirring their fires, they gathered round to warm and dry themselves, to tell stories, sing songs, and plan for the challenge to the starving freshmen who were waiting back home for their return.

As the afternoon waned these doughty gallants, fortifying themselves with the baskets of fragrant meats that remained, marched and our own Father Paul. The gingerly back to the campus and latter was also a charter member of the Washington group for four years, while he attended the Catholic University.

They challenged! They fought! They were deluged!

## CATHOLIC POETRY SOCIETY ORGANIZED

The illustrious Daniel Sargent, poet and biographer, is chairman of the entire society. Aline Kilmer, Agnes Repplier and John Gilland Brunini hold executive positions. Some of the more prominent members are Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C., George Schuster, William Thomas Walsh, Caroline Giltinan, Daniel Whitehead Hicky, and our own Father Paul. The latter was also a charter member of the Washington group for four years, while he attended the Catholic University.

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## CLUBS AND ASSOCIATIONS

### COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

#### Thanksgiving Day Play Announced

Roles were assigned to the actors in "A Pair Of Sixes," an hilarious comedy in three acts by Edward Peple, author of "Little Rebel" and many other Broadway successes.

Joseph Sculli, who was so genuinely complimented on his portrayal of Cyrano in Edmund Rostand's "Cyrano De Bergerac" last May, will have one of the major leads.

The play is not new to the St. Joseph's stage, as it was presented some years ago with the present Moderator of the C. L. S., Father Koch, in the leading role. That the play is delightfully entertaining is evidenced by the many requests for its re-presentation.

#### DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Crusaders Voted Paladin Leader. At the October meeting of the Dwenger Mission Unit, John Koehley and Lawrence Moriarty, delegates to the recent tenth National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade held at Cleveland, were voted the honorary degree of Paladin Leader. This honor is the highest award of the Dwenger Unit.

The delegates addressed the assembly at the last meeting, each giving his personal views of the Convention. One of the fruits reaped by Mr. Koehley from the panel meetings of the Convention, the practice of having guest speakers at the monthly meetings, has been put into effect by the D. M. U.

The Rev. Michael Chapman, as first guest speaker of the Dwenger Mission Unit, was so interesting in his illustrated lecture on "The Center of Christendom" that time flew all too rapidly. The non-members of the Mission Society who enjoyed Father Chapman are asked to sincerely question themselves as to why they are not members.

#### HOLY NAME SOCIETY

St. Joseph's does not boast of her 100% enrollment in the Holy Name Society; she expects and receives that. Under the direction of the Rev. Camillus Lutkemeier, the society carries out the program of the general Holy Name men organized in every parish.

#### ALCHEMIST GOLD

A pencil in my hand and a pad of blank paper before me, I had sat at my desk for an hour. Anyone who had said, "A penny for your thoughts," would have starved to death had he planned to dine on my answer. Thoughts I had none, and it was approaching the deadline for a narrative assigned in senior high school English class. Callous Professor Henry would take no excuse; I would lose the credit on my assignment. Deeply chagrined, I was about to give up when I thought of the many stories Professor Beaker had related in chemistry class.

Professor Beaker was exceptionally fond of driving home his point by means of an illustration. Upon what seemed to be an unimportant detail he could base a most remarkable application. One of his accounts flashed into

my mind. A pupil had asked the question whether it was possible to transform a baser metal into gold. The professor began, as follows:

"Once there was a student in one of my classes whom I shall call for convenience Elmer. He was dominated by the thought that after sufficient experimentation he could at last succeed in accomplishing transformation—the dream of the mediaeval alchemist.

"Elmer's ideas did not remain within the realm of thought; he went into action. I have never seen anyone else work with so much energy toward the attainment of so remote and elusive a goal. For almost an entire term he spent all his extra time in the laboratory amid crucibles and retorts and other apparatus. He often had such a complicated maze of glass tubing, flasks, and test tubes before him that one wondered whether he had any definite plan. In short, poor Elmer was completely held, as if by a lock and chain, to his peculiar idea. Nothing that anyone would say could change his mind on the matter.

"His experimentation continued to within a week of the close of school. Elmer knew that his opportunities for further effort would cease with the beginning of vacation. He had tried without success to change the contents of every bottle in the laboratory into gold; that is, all but one dusty bottle which contained some pieces of clear celluloid.

"With a weary heart he dumped one of the pieces onto a dish and declared to himself that he would add to the celluloid the first chemical that came to his mind.

"Crash!"

"What was that?" inquired Elmer, rushing into the adjoining laboratory.

"Oh, some clumsy fellow dropped a bottle of acetone," answered one of the boys.

"He quickly poured the acetone over the piece of celluloid. No chemical reaction took place immediately. Even more discouraged, but not without some hope, he covered the dish and set it on top of his chemistry book on a shelf. At least I'll not forget to look at it when I come back for my text," he thought to himself.

"He did forget until time for the next meeting of his chemistry class three days later. Being a dreamer he was late, as usual. The bell had already rung for class when he dashed into the laboratory for his textbook.

"Grabbing the book, he spilt the contents of the dish over it and on his hands. Such hands! He went to the sink for the tedious process of cleaning them. Then he picked up his book. Quickly

he saw that it would never be opened again, for it was stuck tightly together by the quick-drying glue which had formed.

"Elmer was quick to see the financial possibilities which anything might offer (this is the reason why he tried to manufacture gold), and today, I may say with pride, he is the head of a large and successful corporation whose business it is to make and sell thousands of bottles of glue daily. He had truly found the gold he was seeking."

—Thomas Taylor.

#### WHO WILL WIN

Few are the men who care to work just for the mere pleasure of doing something. In the efforts that they make men are actuated by a variety of motives—by a sense of duty, of responsibility to themselves and to others dependent upon them; by what they can do with the money they earn over and above what is needed for the bare necessities of life—the luxuries, the pleasures, the artistic joys, Loyalty, too, plays an important role.

Loyalty to their school prompts the members of a team to give their best in practice and in competition. They are ready to make genuine sacrifices while in training as though these were commonplace. Apparently they ask for nothing in return, the very striving for victory over opponents being reward enough. But will they not appreciate even a slight token of recognition for their efforts? The Athletic Association believes that they do.

Those players who in one or more of the major sports excel are to receive as a small appreciation of their accomplishments a sweater which will be a constant sign of their distinction on the campus. Just who the fortunate recipients will be we cannot tell at present. The men on the team are all giving the best that they have to win one of these sweaters.

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#### VINCENT

(Continued from page 2)

cent wandered about listlessly. Unconsciously he drifted into the slums. Seeing the pathetic faces of the children, he tossed them some coins, and his heart was happy, more happy than it had been for long, at the pleased expression on their faces. Sauntering on, he chanced by a small book shop. At once the old craving returned, and he entered to browse. What better way to spend some of the money he had just received for his plants. There were books on science, books on art; and there was his own familiar volume. He opened it and found the margins covered with hundreds of annotations. He would purchase only this. The bookseller informed him that it had once belonged to an old monk.

Taking the book, Vincent stepped out into the street and opened it to read as he walked along. His interest was more and more aroused as he discovered the deeper meaning explained in the marginal notes than he had ever found by his own interpretation. Some things apparently happen by chance; some are directed. Vincent suddenly found himself before the door of his old dwelling. Curiosity prompted him to peep within. The door, so long unused, yielded grudgingly but finally. There were his belongings even as he had left them. There was the table, the chair, the bed. Fatigued, as much in mind as

body, he lay upon the bed and soon sank into a deep slumber.

When he awoke it was early morning—he had slept through the entire night. A mist which had gathered was just rising. Vincent's mind, too, seemed to be emerging from a mist which had so long clouded it. As he lay there, listlessly, letting his eyes roam across the vacant walls, he saw the wooden crucifix. From the figure of his dying God there flowed into his heart a comforting peace—the peace he had so long sought for in vain. His eyes grew bright; he heard or seemed to hear a voice calling after, ever after:

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest, I am He Whom thou seekest! Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me!"

—Leo Gaulrapp.

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**WILLIAM HOPPER**  
**JUNE TRAVIS**  
"OVER THE GOAL"

NOV. 5-6  
Brought back to the screen . . .  
**WALLACE BEERY**  
**CLARK GABLE**  
"HELL DIVERS"

NOV. 7-8-9  
**ANN SOTHERN**  
**JACK HALEY**  
"DANGER! LOVE AT WORK"

**PALACE**  
OCT. 31, NOV. 1-2  
**SPENCER TRACY**  
**LUISE RAINER**  
in  
"BIG CITY"

NOV. 5  
**BINNIE BARNES**  
**WM. GARGAN**  
"CALIFORNIA, STRAIGHT AHEAD"

NOV. 6  
**ZANE GREY'S**  
"THUNDER TRAIL"

NOV. 7-8-9  
**ERROL FLYNN**  
**JOAN BLONDELL**  
in  
"THE PERFECT SPECIMEN"

#### COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

Under the baton of Professor Paul Tonner, the college orchestra made its debut on Columbus Eve. The applause which greeted their first number, "Overture Zampa," by Herold, was grandly indicative of the audience's appreciation. Precision and artistic interpretation characterized the playing of this selection and "Minuet" by Mozart and Aletti's "Pulcinello."

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# DREXEL HALL BLESSED NOVEMBER SIXTH

## Congressman Halleck Gives Holiday Address

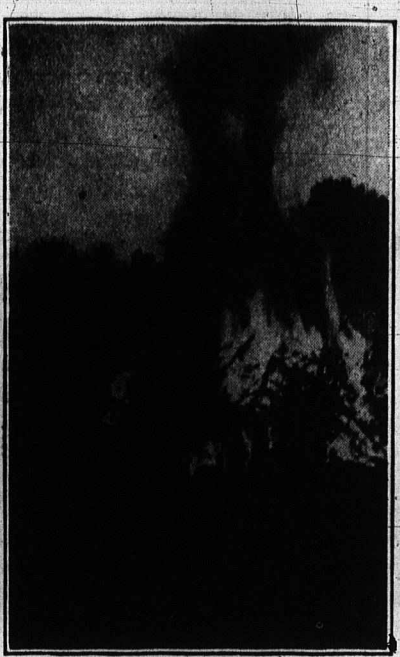
### Students Appreciate Informal Lecture

Armistice Day is a celebration of peace. The world, however, has practically lost the peace acquired on the first Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, at the close of a war fought to make it safe for democracy. Education governed by Christian principles will restore that peace. Around this central theme Congressman Charles A. Halleck built his lecture given on the eve of Armistice Day in the college auditorium.

We have often heard scholarly dissertations on this subject of education, but never one so human and so intensely interesting as the address of Congressman Halleck. It was delightfully informal. With seemingly random shots of wit and humor Mr. Halleck led his audience unsuspectingly into the very heart of his main topic. Even his interesting sidelight on the inspiration of a visit to the Capitol City and his picture of the congressional body in action were woven into the theme so as to emphasize the final impression.

His conclusion expressed a spirit of optimism. Despite the seeming failure of the World War; despite the social and economic difficulties confronting us, he said in substance, our outlook is more favorable than that of any other country. As our oldest traditions of a free government have kept us a democracy, we have little to fear as long as we adhere to these traditions.

Congressman Halleck, with his laughing seriousness, is a true American Statesman. Sincere to a degree that commands respect, his sense for humor prevents him from losing his perspective. He complimented the students for their unusual attention, but with such a magnetic speaker the boys' enthusiasm was easy to understand.



The Bonfire

### HOME-COMING TWO WEEKS AFTER

#### Why it was a Success

Home-coming! All that this magic word signifies was found by the alumni who answered the call of Alma Mater. St. Joseph's extended her customary welcome—deep and sincere.

First, there was a football game. Oakland City came, to be met in a blaze of glory—the glory of a warm autumn sun, the glory of a Cardinal and Purple exhibition as colorful as the foliage in the groves that flank this beautiful campus. Only the exhibition was more after the manner of a systematic explosion in a paint factory, doing violence to a plucky visiting team which toiled against terrible odds—too terrible to keep the contest interesting.

The goal posts flew the colors of St. Joe and Oakland City. Elsewhere the freshmen had flooded the campus from end to end with a scheme of cardinal and purple such as it has not seen for long. Entrance ways, driveways, highways, byways; no place was overlooked in this splurge of color significant of the spirit of the day.

Cardinal football men ran rampant not only on the gridiron; on

(Continued on Page 2)

## DOCTOR LUCKS STUDIES SMALL COLLEGE

### Attends Inauguration at Sioux Falls, S. D.

Always alert for occasions where he can further the development of St. Joseph's, Doctor Henry A. Lucks, Registrar, attended the inauguration of Dr. Warren P. Behan as president of Sioux Falls College, S. D., November fourth and fifth. The eighty-five college representatives who attended the ceremonies were as many minds absorbed in their work and eager to give and receive helpful information. Father Lucks made it a point to contact as many of these as possible for an exchange of ideas.

Sioux Falls College itself is a small institution of 250 students, comparable in this respect to St. Joseph's. It too has a practically working student council. Thirty of the students are Catholics.

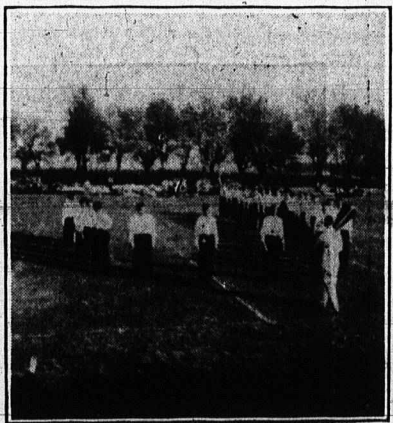
One of the Catholic students, Charles Dougherty, offered himself as escort to Father Lucks and took him through the various departments. Mr. Dougherty is, by the way, associate editor of the campus newspaper, The Stylus, an attractive six-column publication of four pages, appearing bi-weekly.

Incidentally, The Stylus has had a career similar to that of the St. Joseph's Collegian, with the difference that while at St. Joseph's the first publication was a journal and the next a newspaper, at Sioux Falls the first was a paper, the second, The New Stylus, a monthly magazine. Just this year marked the return to the newspaper.

Returning from his 1200 mile journey, Father Lucks received his usual welcome. We would say this was general were it not for his class in Freshman Composition, who might prefer that next time he travel to some more distant point—perhaps in north-eastern Maine.

### FRESHMEN MANEUVER AT HOME-COMING

Those who remained in the bleachers at the half during the home-coming game with Oakland City were no doubt amazed at the gracefulness with which the freshmen did their stunt. The frosh, eager as are all of this persecuted set the world over, to inject some color into the afternoon, marched out onto the field of battle, and with much zest and enthusiasm, created the letters "J" and "O C." With white



shirts (sparsely intermingled with red and blue ones) they made a spectacular appearance. After their one act (it was all they could be taught in weeks) they docily shuffled back to the benches and neatly preformed the "pod". This final ignominious salute ended their days of durance vile known to all fiction writers as "Those Dear Freshman Days."

### STUFF STAFF GETS SURPRISE

In tearing open the publications recently that are exchanged for STUFF, we came upon a brilliant little pamphlet composed of a foreign, yet strongly familiar language. It was a modern

(Continued on Page 2)

## INDIANA HIGH SCHOOL HEADS IN CONFERENCE

### Fr. Rufus Esser Attends

Approximately one hundred and seventy-five principles of the high schools of Indiana gathered at the University of Indiana, Bloomington, Tuesday, Nov. 2, to listen to lectures and engage in discussions of the problems which confront the high school youth of today. It was the sixteenth annual convening of the group. The Rev. Rufus Esser, C.P.P.S., Principal of St. Joseph's High School Department, joined the assembly for the day's work, and also attended the banquet and business meeting of those principals whose schools are accredited by the North Central Association, St. Joseph's being among this number.

Dr. Karl R. Douglass, Professor of Education at the University of Minnesota, was the guest of honor and the leading speaker at the convention. He also led several of the discussions.

As at the conventions of the National Educational Association, the North Central Association, Teachers' Institutes, and every gathering of educators large or small, this conference studied the problem that is so vital today of providing the right kind of courses for the many different types of students on the high school level. Such topics as the necessity of meeting college-entrance requirements, providing courses which will fit high-school graduates to make their way in the world without going to college, and meeting the demand for an enlarged curriculum engaged the attention of the principles assembled. Father Esser was called upon to give his reaction to the progress the organization has made thus far, and was congratulated because in his school many of the problems are not met.

### COLLEGE PEACE PROGRAM

#### St. Joseph's Fall into Step

Under the caption "College Peace Program" there appeared on the bulletin boards at St. Joseph's previous to Nov. 11 an announcement tremendous in its significance and in the good that it can do, yet so simple in its carrying out that the smallest child could have no difficulty with it. We refer to the Third International Week of Prayer for Peace, sponsored by the Catholic Youth Movement for Peace, under the patronage of St. Albert the Great, Patron of Universal Peace.

The intentions for this week of prayer are:

Nov. 11: That the Armistice which still pertains may be changed to a true peace.

Nov. 12: The inner peace of the individual by his full submission to God.

Nov. 13: Peace in families through love, fidelity and obedience.

Nov. 14: Peace in the State through just relations between authorities and subjects.

Nov. 15: (Feast of St. Albert the Great) Peace among all Christians through the return of all to the Church of Christ.

Nov. 16: Peace in society through righteous social relations between employers and employees.

Nov. 17: National and International disarming through elimination of conscription, according to the counsel of Pope Benedict XV.

Nov. 18: Peace among the nations through mutual tolerance, justice, and charity.

On the feast of Christ the King all the students gathered in the chapel for the Solemn Holy Mass offered that Christ might reign as King in the hearts of men the world over. The Catholic Mission Unit consistently endeavors to carry on the work sponsored by the Catholic Youth Movement.

## Collegians Assist At Dedication Ceremony

### FOUR OF FACULTY ASSIGNED TO DREXEL

By order of Father Knue, College President, three priests and one brother have taken up residence in Drexel Hall, the new home of all upper classmen across U. S. highway 152.

Father Anthony Paluszak, a prefect of discipline in 1924-29, resumes closer contacts with the college men as rector of the hall. Appointed assistant rector is Father Albert Gordon, director of the school's mission unit, who only a few years ago was a student himself, and "knows all the tricks" as he says. Father Frank Hehn, professor of economics and accounting, is another who has changed his address. Brother Henry Kosalko, assistant to Coach Ray DeCook, holds new duties as prefect. Brother's muscular makeup is, naturally, quite conducive to perfect order and behavior on the part of the student residents.

Freshmen students residing on the main campus sincerely trust that peace will ever reign within the new seventy member family over in Drexel Hall.

### SOLEMN MASS CELEBRATED

In a ceremony becoming and inspiring Drexel Hall was dedicated to the purpose which it will in future serve Sunday morning, November 7. Although the building was dedicated when it was erected so many years ago, there were many reasons why the special blessing of the Church should be applied to it again at this time.

First of all, the position of the private chapel has been changed. Formerly the chapel occupied the third floor of the south wing; now it is on the second floor in the east wing. Then, the structure has been considerably enlarged. A wall was built through the inner court from north to south, dividing the court and adding nine rooms, three on each floor, each amply large to accommodate two students. Finally, the building has stood idle so long and is now so completely renovated that it is more like a new structure than an old one.

Father Paluszak, assisted by Father Kroeckel and Father Hehn, was celebrant of the solemn blessing.

(Continued on page two)



Drexel Hall

### MOVING DAY AT DREXEL HALL

#### Upper Classmen Turn Domestic

If you've ever been through the home of a pair of newlyweds you will appreciate the position of the STUFF reporter when he visited Drexel Hall on moving day. Like newlyweds these men moved in pairs, each pair into a recently finished room just big enough for two and furnished with all the modern conveniences. The highly waxed floors may have missed the click of spike heels, but the general confusion was none the less evident.

Besides the regular furnishings—twin beds, desks, lockers, and chairs, there were radios, rugs, pictures, pennants, mounted animals and fowls, and other decorative articles, all of which had to be arranged artistically by these enterprising domestics who were striving to perfect the homey touch in their new dormitory. No pair wants just to keep up with the Jones family across the corridor; each hopes to build a nest fit for a duke and another duke.

"I wish I were just beginning my sophomore year," one senior reacted to the splendid remodeled dwelling just five minutes walk from Collegeville proper. We think that every senior shared in this confession, and we are happy that St. Joseph's has such an appealing residence for her upper classmen. It just couldn't be improved easily.

### ROOKIES CHEFS AT HOME-COMING.

#### Yards of Frankfurters and Loads of Buns Served.

Having procured and prepared three hundred pounds of Frankfurters together with proportionate amounts of buns, mustard, and fresh cider, the college freshmen served free lunch to the faculty, students, and visitors after the home-coming game, October 30. The baseball grandstand was the table, but at one time the "bread-line" of hungry patrons stretched even to the sidewalk fronting the Gymnasium.

Everywhere were little groups chatting affably, and indulging, of course, in the excellent cuisine served by the industrious green-capped chefs. Taking strictly literally the announcement "all you can eat," some high school and not a few college students found eating in line to be more advantageous toward receiving another helping.

Infirmaryman Peter Heimas, R. N., announced that evening that all patients treated for "hotdogitis and cideratony" stood good chances of recovery.

The Faculty of St. Joseph's extends wishes to all the students for a pleasant Thanksgiving vacation.

## Art Institute Orator Speaks At Assembly

### Dr. Watson Of Chicago Explains Modern Trends

#### By Richard Scheiber

Taking his enthused audience on an art journey across America "from Manhattan to the Grand Canyon," Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson from the Chicago Art Institute gave an illustrated lecture in Alumni Hall Wednesday evening, November 3. An increased number of townsfolk from Rensselaer and the citizenry of Collegeville attended.

Instructor of Public Speech, Father Robert Koch, presented the speaker who began, "In lieu of the fact that most of you are wondering as to what position you will fill after your college days, I will state that forty per cent of present day working people are engaged in jobs that did not exist twenty-five years ago. Therefore," Dr. Watson added encouragingly, "why be too greatly concerned now when the position you will ultimately fill has perhaps not yet been created. We are headed for a definite equalization between laborers on hand and labor to be done."

Attired in full dress and revealing a friendly personality behind his decidedly English accent, the son of Geneva, Wis., pointed out that future occupations will pertain not to mechanics, but to the furthering of art and beauty in the forms of painting, music, radio and the cinema. Within the next decade, sixty million Americans will be interested in producing and developing true American art, he said.

Lovers of popular music were pleased when the eminent teacher and radio speaker declared, "American syncopation should not be too strongly detested, because, based upon rhythmical beat of the Indian tom-tom and negro spiritual, this music portrays that which is all of us."

Progressing into his self-styled music-picture symphony, the lecturer presented the works of prominent modern artists, representing all sections of the land. In showing his colored slides upon the auditorium screen to the accompaniment of appropriate music, Dr. Watson used a double lens projector which he operated by remote control from the stage. Pictures of modern skyscrapers, the Chicago Exposition, trees, and the Grand Canyon brought choruses of approval from the spectators.

Dr. Watson's lecture is added to the list of high caliber assembly programs presented for St. Joe students thus far this year. Many more are yet in store for them.

#### THE CHASE IS ON

Probably some hunter proved to be a better sportsman than marksman and scared a bewildered bunny into the shrubbery on the big front lawn. A high school boy saw it, and immediately his cave-man instincts were aroused. His whoop summoned others of his clan to the chase; not a mere handful, but half the department were at once mad for blood and cottontail soup. They darted; bunny dodged. No weapons barred, clubs appeared from nowhere. Clubs and flying tackles, and still the little pink-eyed creature baffled them all. Eventually numbers will do what skill fails to do. Twenty minutes of fun for all but the wildly panting beastie, who finally, from sheer exhaustion, sat down and let one of his cruel pursuers pounce upon him.

## Basketball Opening Approaching

### SCORE BOARD TO BE DEDICATED

Alumni who were present at the banquet and business meeting in May will recall the motion passed then that the alumni organization purchase from the funds in the treasury an electric score board for the basketball games.

This motion is being acted upon. The board will be installed previous to the first game and will be dedicated with fitting ceremonies just before the game. December 11 is the date, Saturday evening. That should be a bid to alumni from the surrounding territory, and from farther away, to be present. We need not add that all who can come are welcome.

The first home game, by the way, will be played against Concordia College of Ft. Wayne. Naturally Ft. Wayne alumni will want to come for it enmasse.

### CONGRATULATIONS

November sixth is a happy day in the life of Father Sylvester Ley, faculty director of STUFF. On this day we invariably find him visiting his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Ley, of Fort Wayne, Indiana. This year's visit marked the celebration of her eighty-fourth birthday. The Staff sends its congratulations and hearty wishes for many more happy meetings of Mother and Son on future November sixths.

### LATEST FALL STYLE, A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

The past week has produced a very material assurance that the time for the new fall style has arrived. It is a study in black and white. On the floor beneath each basketball basket painters crept on their knees, scraping off the worn remains of last year's contests before tracing the black lines once more. The backboards, covered with a coat of shining white, give the required contrast.

Basketball season is truly here. For weeks already a number of enthusiasts have been using the court. Now that the Cardinals have successfully closed their gridiron contests, and only a few interclass conference games remain to be played, the indoor sport will claim its usual large number of enthusiastic devotees.

### CHARLES RUEVE'S FATHER INJURED

Mr. Francis J. Rueve, father of Charles Rueve, college sophomore, was seriously injured a short time ago. While occupied at his regular trade, painting, he fell from a scaffold and sustained a fracture of the spine. He was taken to the Toledo hospital, where he must remain in a cast for at least a month longer. There are however excellent prospects for his complete recovery; this the members of our Staff and all the other St. Joseph's students pray.



## STUFF

Published semi-monthly during the school year by the students of St. Joseph's college and high school.

Subscription Price: \$1.00 a year.

Entered as second-class matter September 20, 1937, at the post office at Collegeville, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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## THE YELLOW CLOTH

The "Yellow Cloth," an abstraction by George Braque, noted French Artist, was awarded first prize at the Carnegie Art Exhibit in Pittsburgh. The painting suggests nothing of the title. Indeed, to the ordinary layman it suggests nothing at all; it is simply meaningless. It is beyond interpretation.

Edward Alton Jewell, writing for the New York Times, states that, "although arguably not his finest cubist achievement, this picture nevertheless well exemplifies the basic principles to which Braque has steadfastly adhered. With Picasso he has come to be known as a Co-discoverer of Cubism, and as a matter of fact Braque was the first of the moderns to begin consciously experimenting in paint along the lines suggested by Cezanne in his famous, if often misunderstood and misinterpreted, remark about reducing "all nature to the cube the cone, and the cylinder."

From the foregoing quotation we can infer that the jury must have been influenced in their decision by the fact that Braque was an exponent of the principle of Cubism. The men chosen to serve as judges at an art exhibit are not fools. They know the canons and principles of art. To them the picture probably represents something artistic and beautiful. But to those of us who are not familiar with the technique of the artist, the painting means nothing. In it we can see nothing artistic, nothing beautiful. We wonder, is it art?

Art, as we understand the meaning of the term, must give substance and form. Substance is thought, imagination and emotions. It is the expression in outer form of an inner form first conceived in the mind. Form is the extrinsic mode of being. It is the outward expression offered in some pleasing form.

An artist may, however, resort to his own unique method, but the terms of expression must be, in some way at least, recognizable and interpretable by the audience. A poet, for example, may use strange words, words that are strange to many readers. But these words must be contained in the dictionary. Words of a jargon known only to the poet are meaningless.

Thus, "The Yellow Cloth" may have much substance; it may represent deep thought, rich imagination and touching emotions. But the outward form is expressed in a technique which is known to but few. How is one to get the key? What are our means of interpretation? Who can tell that "The Yellow Cloth" is art?

## MILITARY SCIENCE

The human mind translates every jot and tittle of the knowledge it gains into physical action of one sort or another. We work and play and sin and pray because we have learned how. What, then, will be the result of teaching Christianity the art of efficient warfare, through the medium of Military Science, so prominent in many of our Catholic schools today?

There was a time when the Military Schools of this country were few in number. Extremely choice and quite expensive, they served as private institutions of convenience and reform. Convenience for the parents of the upper economic level who wished to escape their responsibilities towards their offspring; reform for the youths whose parents were unable to cope with the problems confronting every family, whether the father be a business magnate or an underpaid laborer, corner and a few more wearily

Today the picture has changed, and the sons of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker alike are being introduced to the mysteries of Military Science in private and public schools the world over. The Roman god of war has invaded many a Christian and Catholic campus and reigns thereon, and Christ is relegated to the Chapel, there to stay. Very often religious observances are cancelled in favor of martial maneuvers on the drill field. Truly, they are seeking strange gods before Him.

The essence of Christian philosophy is life-life for the glory of God. This Military Science disdains. The essence of Military Science puts its highest premium on the knowledge of the best and most efficient manner of killing the individual by disemboweling him, slitting his throat, or shattering his body with shot and shell and filling his lungs with lethal gas. Military Science is efficient training in the mechanics of mass murder.

There were many days when it was necessary to repel force with force in order that the human family might survive. That day has not been within our own memories, nor within the memories of our fathers, and that day need not be again. War is not essentially evil, but war for profit is the ugliest thing that has reared its head in this world since Calvary. Dying on the cross Christ said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples: that ye have love one for another." "By this," says the profiteer, indicating Flanders Field, "shall all men know that ye are patriots; that ye have hate and murder in your hearts for those who would cut down my profits." We are free to make a choice.

National defense has been the threadbare argument of every bloody brigand from Genghis Khan to yesterday; and it is strangely sad to see how often it has had to go beyond the national borders. They go on to plead for the sake of discipline; one good way to learn it is on our knees. The physical benefits of Military training can be reached in many other ways. We come to one inescapable conclusion, that widespread military training is going to plunge us into war as surely as night follows day, as surely as it has plunged every militaristic nation on the other side of the water.

Some awful day the youth of his land, schooled in the arts of war and secure and proud in the knowledge that it can conquer and devastate, is going to rise in its might and do it. The adolescent armies of today will find their victims, the blood lust always does. We, our schools, our educators, are teaching them how. That will be the ultimate result of teaching Christianity the art of efficient warfare, through the medium of Military Science. There will be a judgment day and each victim answered for.

## WHICH TO PREFER

Once before we directed an editorial to the students on the campus, giving them reasons why they should patronize our advertisers. We remind them of that duty again today, but we wish to write on another topic—a personal responsibility and a sign of loyalty to their school.

In the past few weeks there have been several lectures in the college auditorium—three or four of these at least. At these lectures there have been too many vacant seats. It is true that at times a lecturer, to obtain whom the authorities pay a generous sum, does not come up to expectations. It is his fault if he fails to give a quid pro quo. But the poorest of them will doubtless have some message to contribute; they will not leave you go away entirely hungry. Even when under the auspices of the Mission Society, Father Chapman came from Lafayette to give his truly inspiring illustrated talk on Rome; yes, even when the esteemed Congressman Charles A. Halleck spoke so sincerely on the eve of Armistice Day, there were dozens of students who stayed away. Few of them remained in the club rooms, it is true, although, inquisitive to see whether some of them had preferred a game of cards or pingpong, an insipid broadcast, or a try at the billiard balls to the inspiring words of our congressional representative, we sped down the steps to observe, we found one picking a tune from the piano in the corner and a few more wearily

slouched on the easy chairs. If others did not go to bed they were in their rooms or the study halls applying themselves to their books.

Admittedly, class assignments are important. Only an indifferent student goes to class unprepared. But there is time for all that, time for the real student who is practical enough to plan his work—to be systematic. Such a student realizes, too, that not all the knowledge is to be obtained from textbooks. A selected lecture is just as much a part of his college education as an experiment in chemistry.

Moreover, parents pay an activities fee over and above the regular tuition. That helps to take care of paying lecturers. That is why the lectures are free to the students. Are you going to continue wasting the hard earned money your parents spend? Disregard the sacrifices they make for you? Or are you coming to the lectures that will be presented from now on?

Perhaps one of the reasons why one or two of the speakers were rather uninspiring was the fact that their audience was so small. There is inspiration in numbers; it is difficult to address empty chairs and bare walls. You owe it to an orator obtained for you to come and listen to him.

Lastly, these speakers have eyes to see. They know how many students attend St. Joseph's, and they can estimate the size of their audience. Do you want them to go away with an unfavorable impression and perhaps say complimentary things about your school. Be loyal! Attend every lecture.

## WITH OUR ALUMNI

## DID YOU KNOW THAT:

Henry Leugers is now working in Dayton, Ohio, for the White-Alten Chevrolet Sales and Service, the largest Chevrolet Agency in Dayton?

Henry Gzybowski, who left St. Joe two years ago, is now at 1400 North Thirtieth St., Birmingham, Alabama? That he is remembered as the boy who "burped" his way through Senior Night?

Francis Gengler, '25, was married early in September in Akron, Ohio? Congratulations!

The Rev. Daniel Nolan and Attorney Wilfred Seifert, of Indianapolis, and Jim Thornberry, of Louisville, attended the game at Central Normal, Danville, Indiana?

Henry Krieter (Crown Point), Father Scharf (East Chicago), Attorney Gordon Hagstrom (Chicago), Henry and James Hipskind (Ft. Wayne), Fathers Schnitz and Westendorf, and William Wigmore (Gary), George Annon (Chicago), and A. McCoy and J. Lamere (East Chicago) were among those who attended the homecoming game?

The Rev. Paul Deery, pastor at Bloomington, Indiana, is chaplain of the Newman Club at Indiana University? Several hundred Catholic students attend I. U.? Father Paul will lead a pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress next year?

## DO YOU KNOW WHAT:

Is the reason why our column was a twelve-hundred word article two weeks ago and today is a sickly two-hundred word affair?

Is the only way we can enlarge it and make it more interesting to all?

Can be responsible for the poor returns on sample copies mailed out? Two subscribers from three-hundred sample copies in two weeks.

Should be the number of subscribers after a two-month campaign? We were optimistic enough to presume that we would have five hundred. We have.... the number is too small to print!

## STUFF STAFF GETS SURPRISE

(Continued from page 1)

Latin newspaper, edited monthly by students of Calvert High School, Fiffin, Ohio. Inter Nos, as it is known, is in its third year of publication, and is a little brother to the highly rated Calvert News.

Perusing its mimeographed pages, we read of such unclassical topics as coming exams, new class officers, and a recent picnic. Another article encourages its league-leading team to continue the good work.

Other Catholic schools in the

## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

All but brickbats flew in a heated and amusing debate from the floor at the October 30 meeting. The excitement was caused by Robert Danes's proposed amendments to the C.L.S. constitution regarding dues. Fiery debating and expression of opinion have been characteristic of the Columbians' private meetings thus far this year. The C.L.S. does not suppress opinions, but rather invites everyone to express himself. In this way the young men are given the opportunity to accustom themselves to thinking and speaking while in the limelight of approval or disapproval.

Also at the meeting the Executive Committee announced the complete cast of "A Pair of Sixes". It is as follows:

Joseph Sciulli  
T. Boggs Johns  
Albert Latendress  
Business Partners  
Krome, Carlton Ott  
(Their Bookkeeper)  
Miss Sally Parker  
George Charek  
(Their Stenographer)  
Thomas J. Vanderholt  
Benedict Staudt  
(Their lawyer)  
Tony Toler - William Flannigan  
(Their salesman)  
Mr. Applegate, James Hinton  
Office Boy - Edmund Ryan  
Shipping Clerk - John Dunn  
Mrs. George B. Nettleton  
John Bannon  
Miss Florence Cole  
Douglas Beach  
Coodles, Edward Wendeln  
(An English Maid of all work)  
The date, November 23; the place, College Auditorium; the time 8:00 P. M.

## THE SCENERY MAKERS.

No one is surprised when grotesque noises are heard coming from the stage. But when the noise is unmistakably that of hammer on nails and with a rapidity that makes the listener believe that someone is enjoying the work, it is time for investigation.

"Mr. Snoop" discovered that several Fathers, headed by Fr. Koch and aided by the stage managers, have banded together in a Scenery Makers Guild. The first work of this guild will be a complete set of scenery for "A Pair of Sixes". The objective is to have new scenes for most of the plays.

Fr. Koch has made it known that any one interested in scenery making or stagecraft is welcome to join. Scenery making, which includes designing and making of frames, painting and artistic work, is offered as a special course in most major colleges. The opportunity to learn the work outside the horror of the classroom is the offer of Fr. Koch.

## COLLEGIANS ASSIST AT DEDICATION CEREMONY

(Continued from page 1)

ing and Holy Mass. Before the ceremonies began all the students went to their rooms. When the clergy had vested they recited the prayers of the blessing in the chapel, then moved from room to room, sprinkling each with holy water. As they passed from the first room to the second and on to the others the occupants of each room which had been blessed joined in the procession. When the entire building had been covered in this manner the procession marched to the new chapel for Solemn High Mass.

## WANTED A BICYCLE

When Father Gordon, during his sermon at the dedication of Drexel Hall, remarked that the students who live in this building are deprived of none of the comforts of home, he forgot about the family car. Drexel Hall is a five-minute walk from classrooms and refectories. That's far in these days of the subway and the elevated, of superhighways and high-power limousines. Some students have short legs; some, no love for the picturesque path that leads between avenues of trees from door to door. Or are they perhaps afraid in that squirrel-infested grove? Will someone donate a family bicycle?

Toledo diocese have likewise resorted to conversational modern Latin to restore interest among students. Inter Nos signifies the success of the move.

(Continued on page three)

## DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The Mission Society has invited the Rev. Father Ralph, S. V. D., Procurator in this country of the Catholic University of Peiping, to speak at the November 19 meeting.

Father Ralph has chosen for his topic "Communism in China", a subject with which he is personally connected because he was a missionary in China during the first Communistic uprising.

As an orator, Fr. Ralph is celebrated for his potency. The Dwengerites first came into coinage of him, through the delegates to the Tenth National Convention of The Catholic Students Mission Crusade, at which Fr. Ralph was one of the principal speakers.

The members of the D.M.U. will be delighted to have as their guests at the address the Bishop Dwenger Council of the Knights of Columbus from Rensselaer.

## COLLEGE OCTET ENTERTAINS

As the curtain rose before the address of the Honorable Charles A. Halleck, Wednesday evening, Nov. 10, a group of talent, so far hidden this year, stepped confidently before the audience. Indeed, the "Melody Moulders" had reasons to be confident, for as they swelled into the strains of "Stout Hearted Men" a hush fell upon the eager listeners.

The auditorium was filled with a stately rhythm. The profound silence of everyone suddenly turned into wholehearted and ringing applause—a din that could be quelled only by the smooth flow of "Kentucky Babe." From this lullaby the octet once more returned to their powerful theme song, "Stout Hearted Men."

These ambitious young men meet of their own accord during odd moments and add to our favorite songs a new and unique interpretation. The value and enjoyment which they derive from their rehearsals proved itself to be even more pleasing to the attentive audience. More of their pleasing melodies will be heard November 19. Don't miss their program.

## COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

The pep meeting preceding St. Joe's home-coming presented the occasion for the debut of the College Glee Club. This organization has the distinction of introducing the College Fight Song to the students. The song, which is a rearrangement of Professor Tonner's Fight Song, with words by Fr. Paul Speckbaugh, was very well sung, and its smooth rendition was largely responsible for the rapidity with which the team-rooters captured its winning melody.

The other songs, Brahms' "Wienlied," and "The Bells of St. Mary", were likewise well executed, although that precision and artistic interpretation as found in older organizations was largely lacking. The genuine applause which followed the first offering of the Glee Club showed that the program was enjoyed.

## PRESIDENT OF C.P.S.A. ATTENDS POETRY MEET

Mr. Theodore N. Staudt, recently elected President of the St. Joseph's College Poetry Society, attended on Wednesday evening a meeting of the Chicago Poetry Society of America. He was accompanied by the Faculty Director, Father Speckbaugh.

The enthusiasts for Catholic Poetry, who gathered in Chicago, were entertained by a lecture on social poetry by Miss A. de Boulet. After this Miss Katherine Bregy, who is the new President of the Society, spoke to the group on the importance of serious and critical work in the field of Catholic letters. Miss Bregy expressed her satisfaction with the interest shown in the Middle West, notably in Chicago. Thereafter Father Durant, O. S. A., addressed the meeting, explaining to his hearers several new thoughts on the subject of social poetry, culled from the study of De Vere, Patmore, Thompson, and Hopkins.

The officers of the Chicago unit were pleased by the fact that St. Joseph's College was represented at this meeting. It is hoped that the friendly relation between the group in Chicago and the Society at St. Joseph's will prove profitable to both.

## ST. JOSEPH'S CHOIR HAS FULL PROGRAM

The Feast of Christ the King, All Saints, and All Souls, falling on consecutive days, presented a splendid opportunity for the choir to appear at advantage. On the first day they sang the Mass of St. Benedict by Joseph Mueller. All Saints Day brought the Mass of St. Joseph by Dietrich. A new four-voice Requiem by Pietro Yon, the famous composer and honorary organist of the Vatican Chapel, presented on All Souls Day, gave adequate proof that our choir is never at a loss for variety even though making three appearances in as many days.

One guest from the Capitol city, after attending Holy Mass on Sunday, spoke enthusiastically of the quality of the singing. "Down in Washington," she was overheard to say, "we pay five dollars for a concert and do not get as much for our money."

Distinctly artistic interpretation of every piece is indeed an outstanding quality of the choir. The members have made great forward strides in this. As nothing human is perfect there is still room for improvement. With the progressive-baton of Father Diller pointing the way, we can look forward to this very accomplishment.

## Attention Premedical Students

The Association of American Medical Colleges' Aptitude Test Will be given on Dec. 3.

This test should be taken by all students who expect to apply for entrance to a Medical School by Fall of 1938. The test has been adopted by the Association as one of the normal requirements for admission. It measures one's ability to learn material similar to that which he will have in Medical School. It also measures his general information and scientific background, and his ability to draw accurate conclusions from a given set of data. Students should make application immediately to Father Kroeckel.

The exact hour and place of the test will be announced on the bulletin boards.

A fee of one dollar is required of each student taking the test.

## WHAT PRICE ADDRESSES

Did you ever get your picture in the paper? If so, did the folks back home or anybody else write to tell you about it. Listen to this yarn.

Chaplain Esser, better known as... (for details consult STUFF, Vol. 1, No. 2, p. 1, 1937) found himself seated on a camp chair and plastered on the front of an envelope stamped in Gary. No name. No further address than the word Rensselaer spelt student fashion. The letter made the trip in the usual time, and the downtown postmaster, a subscriber, sent it on to Collegeville.

What price addresses! It's time a student got his picture on the first page of STUFF. Who is going to be the first one?

## HOME-COMING TWO WEEKS AFTER

(Continued From Page One)

posters they peered from every conceivable strategic point. They climbed trees, fire escapes, wires, grandstands, tennis courts; they were in every place within the reach of alert freshmen.

High point of the entire celebration was the victory bonfire on the inner campus before the Gymnasium. At the end of the game both teams and all the students and visitors gathered around the huge pyre. Like another Roman emperor Robert Duax, the elusive half back who swept across into subsequently familiar territory behind the enemies' lines for the first touchdown of the afternoon, lighted the fire as the band played lustily the Fight Song and other suitable selections.

As night fell and the embers of the fire cooled, fading into a grayish pink, satisfied alumni departed amid an air of gaiety and a round of hand shaking. Home-coming was a success because everybody wanted it to be so. The alumni piled up the attendance; the freshmen piled up the wood; it remained for the team to pile up the score.

## College Keyhole Column

Mastoids, why don't you wake up... of course Nemetz is a real prof.

Sam Cartwright, editor of the Dirty Rag, is worried... he is afraid that some one will throw him in the lake... it's nothing to worry about, Sam... Casper and Stodola lived thru it...

The prof stood on the platform, No book before his chest.

For him 'twas not unusual, 'Twas just another test. (Sad)

The student sat at his desk, And thought with all his might.

But his mind wouldn't tell him, Just what he should write. (Bad)

WANTED—A person who can keep Frank Kehoe quiet for three minutes...

Dear Kolumb,  
The S. S. (Sweat Shirt) Ed Posey docks every Sunday nite at a Rensselaer street corner. Why doesn't he sell shoe strings or pencils? He could make a little money that way.

The Three Critics.

To Nub Dreiling: You were warned once before... please lay off of Frankie.

Jerry Yocis would not criticize a certain article that was read in a class recently... his "lunatic" goes to the school that the article came from and he was afraid that she wrote it...

He sure is a swell fellow... I know that to be a fact... he told me so himself... didn't you J...

Gus Morrison, the self-appointed King of the dorm (he's the only one who thinks that he really is the King), shaved his chin, whiskers... there were several reasons for this... a faculty member said that he looked like a monk... some of the fellows from Drexel Hall threatened to do the job for him... Hello "King"...

If Eisenauer made ten bets and won every one of them, he would say... "I won five cents." "Monga Pete" Casper Th. D., went to the show alone last Sunday nite... where was Bucky... ask Bird Dog... he knows

Some of the letters that went home after the exams were real masterpieces... there was Smith's for instance... he got writer's cramp before he had a chance to write a word in one of the exams.

Every Sunday it gets worse... Foley, give the boys a break... what is the secret of your success... last Sunday there were about a half-dozen.

Factor and McNamara may be champs on the "gridiron"... but when Factor teams up with Lyle Latendress they are colossal flops.

At last the high school has a human questionnaire... his name is Stinky Davis... for the whole story ask Ted Staudt.

Red Simms and Rich Cody are going to get into trouble... if these freshmen bullies are not careful, they are going to find a cream puff in their face... I wish Cody could have seen Simms the other night... he was all wet, due to the Kolumnist's aim.

Margie is the popular song. Art Grevenkamp has been so hoars with a cold he can hardly talk. Passing him, a prof inquired: "How's the cold today?" "Not so hot," came the raven-voiced Arthur.

Saint Joe Freshies Just Keep pluggin' Along. (Tune of Ole' Man River.)

De Frosh, dey worked on the St. Joe bonfire.  
De Frosh all worked fo' de upper-class boss;  
Haulin' dat wood from de dawn to sunset,  
Gettin' no rest and not countin' de cost.

Now dat bonfire, burned and blackened,  
All dat work has gone to smoke,  
De Frosh, dey look at de pile of ashes  
An' wag der heads as it were a joke.



# ST. JOE AND ELMHURST BATTLE TO 13-13 TIE

## St. Joe Routs Oakland City, 55-0

Cards Cut Down Oaks With Vicious Strikes.

If the homecoming alumni were expecting a close, exciting football game they were disappointed; the Cards cut down the Oaks with nine vicious strokes of the axe.

Bobby Duax started the scoring when he spun off tackle on St. Joe's third play for 15 yards. From then on it was just a matter of taking turns, with Scharf and Richardson scoring twice and Badke, Yocis, Curosh and Hayden each registering once.

Only once did the merry-go-round break down; that was when the reserves, who played a greater portion of the game, fell inches short of a score on fourth down. However, before the game was over they showed enough power to have some of the spectators in doubt as to which was the first eleven.

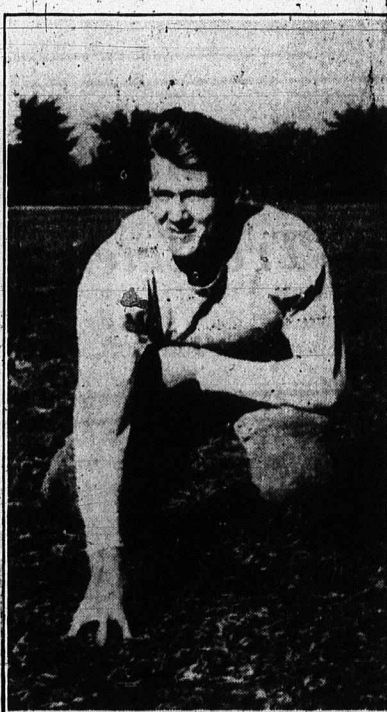
Not once in the entire game was the Cardinals' quarterback forced to resort to punting, and only two of the touchdowns were results of passes. The Cards were content to use simple running plays, which they found very effective.

To pick and outstanding Cardinal player would be impossible unless Michalewicz would get the laurel wreath for scoring the only point after touchdown. For the Oaks it was a different story, Bigham being truly heroic in attempting to keep his team together. Time after time his tackling, blocking, and ball carrying stamped him as a player of far better caliber than his teammates.

### The Game by Quarters

By scoring twice in the first frame the Cards asserted their superiority. Immediately after forcing Oakland City to punt out of their territory they commenced a drive. Successive line plays carried the ball to the opponents' 15 yard stripe, from which point Duax tallied on an off-tackle smash. A few minutes later another march featuring a series of concentrated ground plays again brought the home team within striking distance. Scharf scooted around end for the necessary four yards.

The second quarter saw the secondaries in action; they seemed to have imbibed all the power and spirit of the regulars. Led by Charles Richardson, they advanced very quickly to the 15 yard line. Hayden there made a spectacular catch of the former's pass, advancing the ball to the four.



Joe Raterman, Right Tackle

"A football player's player." That is the high tribute that can be paid to "Big Joe" Raterman. Often underrated by the spectators because of his steady but unspectacular play, Joe is boosted "tops" by his teammates. And who could be better able to judge than the players who work shoulder to shoulder with him, and the back who romps through the holes he dynamites in the opposition.

Joe closed his football career at St. Joseph's in the Elmhurst game. However, he is not done yet battling for the Cardinals, for he is an ace hurler for the baseball team.

Economics is the field in which Joe is majoring. He is as steady a student as he is a cool, deliberate athlete. The members of the Monogram Club, appreciating his fine sportsmanship, elected him secretary-treasurer for his senior year.

But the Oaks buckling, refused to have their goal line crossed, and soon had the younger Cards recreating. When the first stringers returned to the battle the elusive Scharf immediately captured a punt and zigzagged his way back down the field sixty yards to the twelve-yard line. He scored on the next play.

Despite the fact that the Saints were sporting a comfortable lead they refused to be satisfied. On the first play of the second half Scharf hurled a thirty-yard pass to Curosh, who scampered the remaining thirty to score. Gaining more pressure, the steam roller bowled over three more yards before the hectic period ended. One of these was made on Badke's seventy-five yard dash on a reverse through the line; Richardson scored the other two on short line smashes.

In the last quarter, the reserves could not be held; through an effective aerial attack they chalked up two more scores. Richardson passed to Hayden to climax one of these, and Yocis' six-yard plunge climaxed the other. In the final minutes Petit retreated and hurled a perfect sixty-yard pass. It gave the crowd a real thrill, but the barking gun sympathetically ended the uneven contest.

| Oakland City | St. Joe          |
|--------------|------------------|
| Hasty        | L.E. Thuerk      |
| Bigham       | L.T. Jones       |
| Rodgers      | L.G. Simms       |
| Dye          | C. Cody          |
| Cantrell     | R.G. Tippmann    |
| Falls        | R.T. Raterman    |
| Little       | R.E. Michalewicz |
| Fisher       | Q.B. Curosh      |
| Keen         | L.H.B. Scharf    |
| Mouk         | M.H.B. Duax      |
| Hawkins      | F.B. Badke       |
| Oakland City | 0 0 0 0 0        |
| St. Joe      | 12 6 25 12 55    |

**Touchdowns:**  
Saint Joseph: Duax, Scharf 2, Richardson 2, Badke, Hayden, Yocis, Curosh.

**Point after Touchdowns:**  
Saint Joseph: Michalewicz.

**Officials:**  
Referee, Floyd (Lowell).  
Umpire, Allen (Purdue).

**Head Linesman, Guild (West Lafayette).**

| Oakland City                 | St. Joe |
|------------------------------|---------|
| 3 First downs rushing        | 9       |
| 0 First downs passing        | 4       |
| 0 Total                      | 13      |
| 58 Yardage by rushing        | 353     |
| 25 Yardage by passing        | 164     |
| 83 Total                     | 517     |
| 12 Passes attempted          | 10      |
| 3 Passes completed           | 7       |
| 33 Average distance of punts | —       |
| Total return of punts        | 145     |

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## Cardinals Only Team To Score Twice On Illinois Eleven This Year

Both Teams' Offensive Playing Thrills Spectators

Twice in the history of the athletic relations between Elmhurst College and St. Joe, the Illinois eleven have defeated the local boys. They were out to do it again this year when the Cardinals traveled to meet them on their own gridiron. Their effort, brilliant as it was, resulted only in a tie, for the Cardinals were just as determined to destroy the jinks and come home with another victory to end their football season. If they did not win, they at least did more than any other team has been able to do against these powerful opponents; they scored twice and garnered thirteen points to Elmhurst's thirteen, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 13.

This score is all the more telling when examined in the light of other statistics. Elmhurst has been playing some of the outstanding teams in the country. Granting that one may make statistics prove that white is black, and black, white, statistics do not necessarily prevaricate. When Illinois Wesleyan can hold Elmhurst by only one touchdown, winning by the slim margin of a 6-0 score; when Illinois Wesleyan beats DePaul 7-6; when De Paul and Illinois tie up at 0-0; when, finally, Illinois and Notre Dame repeat what De Paul and Illinois did, just what do you have to say about the St. Joe - Elmhurst 13 - 13 score?

Both teams did stellar offensive playing, Elmhurst being perhaps somewhat the more successful on rushes through center; St. Joe doubtlessly on end runs executed by Scharf and Duax. Strobel of Elmhurst found his opposition less formidable because of the numerous injuries which kept or removed from the game some of St. Joe's first-string men. However, this is not said to take from him any of the credit he deserves; those first downs gathered on two successive plunges and repeated in quick succession prove him a powerful halfback who takes punishment unflinchingly, and who would be an asset to any college or professional team in the country.

### First Quarter

St. Joe has learned since the Valpo game that an early start is imperative. In three plays they scored. Michalewicz received the touchdown pass from Scharf and galloped across the goal line. While Captain Dreiling stood on his sound leg on the sideline, Buck Jones kicked the extra point. The score was 7-0 in the Cardinals' favor, and the game had just begun. Receiving the ball on their thirty-yard line, Elmhurst ran it up to the forty, kicked, and found themselves the defenders on the Cards' forty. At that point St. Joe lost temporarily the support of their husky guard, Tippmann, whose ankle needed attention. Duax carried the ball for a five-yard gain on an end run and the loss of three coveted (false) teeth. Immediately Scharf gathered another gain on an off-tackle run. When he was later covered on an attempted pass he tucked the pigskin under his arm and carried it for fifteen yards and first down. When two incomplete passes and an end run registered loss rather than gain St. Joe kicked on Elmhurst's forty-three yard line. Back on their own twenty-yard stripe, the opponents picked up six yards on two attempts at rushing, and kicked on third down. The Cards renewed their challenge on their

forty-five. Having lost yardage on a fumble which they recovered, they began a beautiful forward march. Scharf ran for fourteen yards; Thuerk lateraled to Duax for seventeen. The Elmhurst line was holding, the Cards gaining little more than two yards on two attempts at rushing. One attempted pass was incomplete; on the second St. Joe was penalized fifteen yards for intentionally grounding the ball. Again Elmhurst took up the offensive, gained seven yards, and kicked on fourth down to St. Joe's twelve. Scharf brought the ball back to the twenty-five; Elmhurst was penalized for clipping.

### Second Quarter

With the wind in their favor Elmhurst elected to punt when they next received the ball. St. Joe's safety man was not alert; the ball rolled to the twenty-yard line. A gain of ten yards by Scharf failed to balance a fifteen-yard clipping penalty on Jones, and St. Joe kicked against the wind. The punt went up instead of out. Elmhurst was in scoring position. Two plunges garnered five yards. On third down, on an end run off right tackle, Bucholz with little assistance from his team mates, dashed through five Cardinal players who slipped off him as though he were a hot potato, and downed the ball behind their goal line. The kick for point also tallied, and the score was tied. St. Joe had to begin the contest anew.

Scored against, they received the kick-off, Thuerk carrying the ball back from the twenty to the forty-five yard line. There the Cards' failed on downs, and Duax punted back to Elmhurst's fifteen. The quarter was six minutes old when Yocis substituted for Badke, who had to retire from the game permanently because of an injured back ligament sustained a week earlier from which he had not fully recovered. The Elmhurst plunging machine functioned twice in succession for first down and immense gains, two plays only being needed both times to register these gains. Then, penalized fifteen yards for holding, their machine slipped a cog, and St. Joe became the aggressors, Scharf receiving the ball on the twenty and carrying it up to the forty-nine yard line. His end run did not add to this. Yocis advanced four yards. The next play, a pass, was intercepted and returned thirty-eight yards. Elmhurst was again threatening at least slightly. However, they lost seven yards on the first down, failed on a pass, picked up five yards rushing, and attempted a pass on fourth down to give St. Joe the ball on the eighteen-yard line. Meanwhile Michalewicz had to retire from the game on an injury.

In two plays the Cards now made a first down, Scharf carrying the ball for nine yards, and Duax for three. Before another play could be called, Gillig had to go out, his shoulder joint having slipped out of place. Curosh substituted. The next three plays netted another first down, the ball being carried to Elmhurst's forty-five. Scharf was thrown for a loss on the next play, only to gather seven yards a little later. A fourth-down pass was completed, but fell short of the necessary yardage. As the quarter ended Elmhurst had possession of the ball, but had just been thrown for a twelve-yard loss when their passer was

downed before he could deliver.

### Third Quarter

St. Joe received the kick-off, but lost the ball immediately on downs. Elmhurst moved down to the nineteen-yard line in four attempts for a first down. Penalized there fifteen yards because their backfield was in motion when the ball was snapped, they tried unsuccessfully to advance the ball for three downs. They had a perfect set-up for a field goal, both wind and position being to their advantage. It failed to tally, and the Cards became the aggressors for two plays. Starting at the twenty stripe Scharf advanced twelve yards. A fumble on the second play was an evil god; Elmhurst recovered, made first down on the twelve, again on the two, and on the next rush, goal. The kick for point did not register. Receiving the ball on the kick-off, Duax plowed back from the two-yard line to the thirty-two. Scharf carried on to the forty five on the first play. Garnering only five yards on their next three attempts, the Cards had to punt. Duax' boot was tremendous; Elmhurst, back on their sixteen-yard marker, elected to return the punt. The exchange was profitable for the Cards, who now had the ball on their own forty. They decided to capitalize on it. On the first two plays Scharf and Duax picked up one and five yards respectively; on the third, Scharf tore through center to the opponents' thirty-three. First down and twelve yards gain on the next two plays; first down on the two that succeeded. The ball was now on Elmhurst's ten-yard line. Scharf moved it up to the five immediately, and the quarter ended.

### Fourth Quarter

A one-yard loss; an incomplete pass. Would St. Joe score or lose her golden opportunity. She scored: Scharf to Petit on a pass, and the ball game was tied up once more. Jones failed to convert.

The rest of that final quarter was a battle royal. Ten times the ball exchanged hands as each team fought desperately, gallantly, brilliantly to break the tie. Line smashes and end runs and passes; penalties, too, featured every moment of its breathless suspense. When less than two minutes remained, the Cards received the ball on their thirty-four. Scharf made first down on the second play. He passed long to Duax in the semidarkness, and almost into the hands of Curosh on a second effort. Petit ran nine yards on the next play; Scharf closed his career by another first down as the gun prevented further struggle.

### Summary:

| Elmhurst   | St. Joe          |
|------------|------------------|
| Zapler     | L.E. Thuerk      |
| Jepson     | L.T. Jones       |
| Herrmann   | L.G. Simms       |
| Vernon     | C. Cody          |
| Paxton     | R.G. Tippmann    |
| Hennessy   | R.T. Raterman    |
| Rosback    | R.E. Michalewicz |
| Bucholz    | Q.B. Curosh      |
| Strable    | R.H. Duax        |
| Bomle      | L.H. Scharf      |
| Dreuschkie | F.B. Yocis       |

Score by periods:  
Elmhurst 0 7 6 0 13  
St. Joe 7 0 0 6 13

Touchdowns: (Elmhurst) Bucholz, Dreuschkie. (St. Joseph's) Michalewicz, Petit.

Point after touchdown: (Elmhurst) Jepson; (St. Joe) Jones.

Officials: Referee—Ed Coray; Umpire—A. C. Serfling; Head Linesman—John Freemuth.

| Elmhurst                 | St. Joe |
|--------------------------|---------|
| 8 First downs            | 15      |
| 159 Yards gained rushing | 207     |
| 32 Yards gained passing  | 68      |
| 191 Total yardage        | 275     |
| 7 Passes attempted       | 17      |
| 3 Passes completed       | 7       |
| 0 Passes intercepted     | 2       |
| 0 Fumbles                | 1       |
| 50 Penalties             | 40      |

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## St. Joe Defeats Central Normal

Cards Take Third Place In Conference

Dick Scharf Stars In 20-12 Victory

When two teams as evenly matched as the St. Joe Cardinals and the purple Warriors of Central Normal clash in determined competition any added impetus that will tip to one side or the other the balance of power often determines the victory. That impetus came to the Cards Saturday, Nov. 6, when on the second play of the game Dick Scharf dashed fifty-seven yards for a touchdown. Captain Dreiling had kicked off, and Williams who received the ball juggled it and was downed on his own ten-yard line. Electing to punt, he sent the pigskin back to the Cards' forty-three yard marker, where Scharf began his tremendous dash.

It was beautiful. He shook off two tacklers in that quick, dodging manner for which he is famous, and then behind perfect blocking cut away like a deer and was over the goal line. Captain Dreiling converted for the extra point.

But the game was only just begun. The Warriors, beaten last year by the small margin of two points, were impelled by the determination which grows out of a will to retaliate. They consolidated their forces and began. They marched back for three first downs. Stopping them there, the Cards took up the offensive, reaching their opponents' thirty-yard line. This back and forth march characterized the first period. Before it ended Central Normal had profited by their persistence and scored. As they failed to gather the extra point the score stood: St. Joe, 7; Central Normal, 6.

The second quarter was a repetition of the first. Heavily outweighed in the line, the St. Joe gridders battled the Warrior thrusts successfully, taking the battering they received the while. Before the quarter ended Badke and Dreiling went out on injuries, but also before it ended, Scharf had scored again. On two first downs the Cards had moved into Warrior territory. From there a long pass to the two-yard line was ruled completed because of interference. Two yards might have been no better than ninety-eight, with those Warriors massed to hold the line. They held for two downs; on the third the ball went over, and again the extra-point attempt was good. St. Joe, 14; Central Normal, 6.

(Continued on page 4)

### STUFF STAFF GETS SURPRISE

(Continued from page two)

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# ST. JOSEPH'S DEFEATS CENTRAL NORMAL (Continued from Page 3)

When the rest period was over neither team was ready to give ground. The battle continued to rage as it had during the first half. St. Joe led by a fair margin but knew that they had to fight to protect that score. They held until a fumble and an intercepted pass set Central Normal in position to score. Blanford, who intercepted in midfield, twisted for forty yards. On fourth down the Warriors went over, narrowing the margin of advantage to two points. The kick from placement failing to register, the score stood: St. Joe, 14; Central Normal, 12. What would the third quarter bring?

It brought thrills in rapid succession. When everyone else thought that a Warrior receiver of a pass was loose, Michalewicz sent him spinning end-over end. Duax returned a punt a full forty yards. But that is only one side. The Warriors threatened, and threatened again. Luck seemed to be in their favor. When the ball was fumbled out of bound on the Cardinals' twenty and the official ruling gave it to the Warriors, they were in position to score. Down to the three yard line they moved before they were stopped. The Cards kicked back, but that high geared offensive machine again moved up even to a scant foot or two of the goal. A touchdown now would put the game on ice, for only a few minutes of play remained. The Cards held. Their punt was returned, and from their own thirty-yard line they began a real march forward. Well-executed line plunges, passes and end runs netted first downs in quick succession. Midfield! Enemy territory! Deeper, deeper—down to the six-yard stripe. There Scharf made an end run for touchdown without a hand being laid on him.

It was Scharf and Yocis; Yocis and Scharf in that grand display that can truly be called spectacular. But the team were all there—Buck Jones, Joe Raterman, Gillig and the rest, freshmen among them, playing like veterans, playing for St. Joe's Cardinal and Purple a game that was a victory.

Summary:  
Andrews ..... L.E. .... Thuerk  
Hendrick ..... L.T. .... Jones  
Decker ..... L.G. .... Simms  
Lemon ..... C. .... Cody  
Jones ..... R.G. .... Dreiling  
Pike ..... R.T. .... Raterman  
Roudebush ..... R.E. .... Michalewicz  
Blanford ..... Q.B. .... Gillig  
Scott ..... L.H. .... Scharf  
Davis ..... R.E. .... Duax  
Williams ..... F.B. .... Badke

Score by periods:  
Central Normal 6 0 6 0 12  
St. Joe 7 7 0 6 20  
Scoring: (Touchdowns) Scharf (3), Williams, Blanford. (Points after touchdown) Dreiling (2) Substitutions: (St. Joseph's) Pet- it, Curosh, Tippmann, Moore, Richardson, Yocis; (Central Normal) Martin, Farr, Kelley, Morris- son, Ewing.

Referee - Floyd (Lowell); Um- pire - Hungate (Indianapolis); Head Linesman - Hamler (South- port).

Statistics:  
Central Normal St. Joe  
11 First downs 13  
14 Passes attempted 9  
5 Passes completed 3  
1 Passes intercepted 1  
6 Fumbles 0  
166 Yds. gained rushing 221  
33 Yds. gained passing 37  
199 Total yardage 258  
0 Penalties 45

## COLLEGE FROSH NIP HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

A fighting senior high team, minus the service of their injured halfback Kelly, put up a game battle with the league-leading college frosh in a vain effort to upset the dope bucket. The frosh, however, were not out to lose and in the second quarter started a vicious drive which ended with Petrich grabbing Lesch's twenty-five yard pass and scoring.

Several times in the second half the frosh, led by Lesch, started to drive goalward, but the fourth's line with Foley as its mainstay put up too much resistance and the collegians had to be content with a six-point victory.

Reymon was the shining light of the seniors' offense; his off- tackle dashes kept the frosh line on its toes throughout the game.

## COLLEGE SOPHOMORES DRUB HIGH SCHOOL JUNIORS 57-6

Having suffered defeat from the undefeated college freshmen, the sophomores made a very impressive showing against the high school juniors in the league. Their much improved running and passing attack clicked smoothly throughout the game, and their stubborn defense, featuring Hin- ton's high tackling, refused to

give the underdogs much ground. In the first half the sophs rolled up the most of their points by taking advantage of every break that came their way. The juniors' daring fourth-down passes from deep in their own territory aided them; so did a number of interceptions.

Playing much more consistent ball after the rest period, the juniors held their superiors to out three more touchdowns. In the final minutes of the game McNamara and Ormsby combined to score on a perfectly executed sleeper play which caught the sophs' secondary in early hibernation. Kleinhenz and Sheehan led the older men's offensive; Staudt and Diller starred on defense. Factor, McNamara, Ormsby and Cunningham were the juniors' lead men.

## HIGH SCHOOL JUNIORS VICTORIOUS OVER SOPHOMORES 19-6

Led by fleet Barney Factor and Jim McNamara, the high school juniors gained an impressive victory over the sophomores, Sunday, Oct. 31. The third-year line was a very potent factor in enabling these two progressing champions to break loose.

After fumbling two opportunities early in the first frame, Factor caught a punt at midfield and streaked down the east sideline behind brilliant blocking for a touchdown. McNamara's pass to Ormsby added the extra point. A few minutes later Alt caught a blocked pass and romped down the field unmolested for another score. A lucky break, perhaps; but such things happen in a ball game for both teams.

In the fourth period the juniors scored again, this time on a long

pass which Factor heaved and McNamara snatched from the hands of a secondary man about to intercept it. He crossed the line easily. The sophs decided to retaliate: having received the ball at midfield on the kick-off, on one play, a pass to P. Kochis, they moved it to the juniors' fifteen yard stripe. They were smeared twice on attempts to run the ball. Taking to the air, P. Kochis tossed to Weidner, who crossed the goal line, dragging a tackler with him.

P. Kochis, Zeno and Meagher deserve armsful of credit for the sophs; Ormsby and Cunningham were very important cogs in the smooth-running junior machine.

## SOPHS SWAMP FROSH 33-0

For the second time within two weeks the high school sophomores galloped over their freshmen rivals to a scathing, shut-out victory, this time almost doubling the score piled up in the earlier game. Besides displaying a steady ground onslaught they exploded a bombing aerial attack which completely baffled the frosh secondary. However, the freshman downfall was due still more to the inefficiency of its line on offense. This enabled the alert sophs to smother their opponents' every forward move. The sophs did not go into scoring procedure immediately; it was late in the initial period be-

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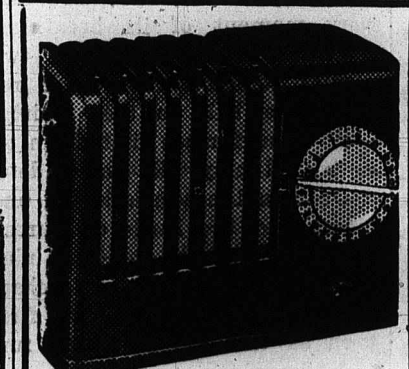
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